VOGUE

75¢
FEB. 15

TOP TO TOE...
THE PRETTIEST WAY TO LOOK THIS SPRING

FATIGUE: WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT

VANESSA REDGRAVE: THE STAR OF THE HOUR

HIGHLIGHTING: THE NEWEST IDEA IN BEAUTY

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE IN BOOTS



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Neal Barr



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we repeat, as of now. In navy
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Statler Building, Boston, Mass. 02116
Robert Brennecke, Mgr.
65 East South Water Street, Chicago, Ill. 60601
Donald H. Koehler, Mgr.
3921 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. 90005
John Brunelle, Mgr.

BRITISH VOGUE
Vogue House, Hanover Square, London, W. 1
FRENCH VOGUE
4 Place du Palais-Bourbon, Paris 7
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Piazza Castello 27, Milan

International Executive Editor:
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FEBRUARY 15, 1967

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN BRITISH FRENCH ITALIAN AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND

I.S.V.-PATCÉVITCH, President
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BERT STERN

COVER: First of the prettiest ways to look this spring—the high-buttoned plaid coat turned out with a dress of its own. Acid green overplaided with red, white, and blue; white wool dress. Pretty way for lips to look this spring—a slick of Glissando Pearl Glacé over Coral 2, both lipsticks by DuBarry. Turnout by Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner. Coat of Sormani wool. Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros.; L. S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus. Freirich earrings. Echo scarf. Coiffure: Hugh Harrison of Coiffures Americana.

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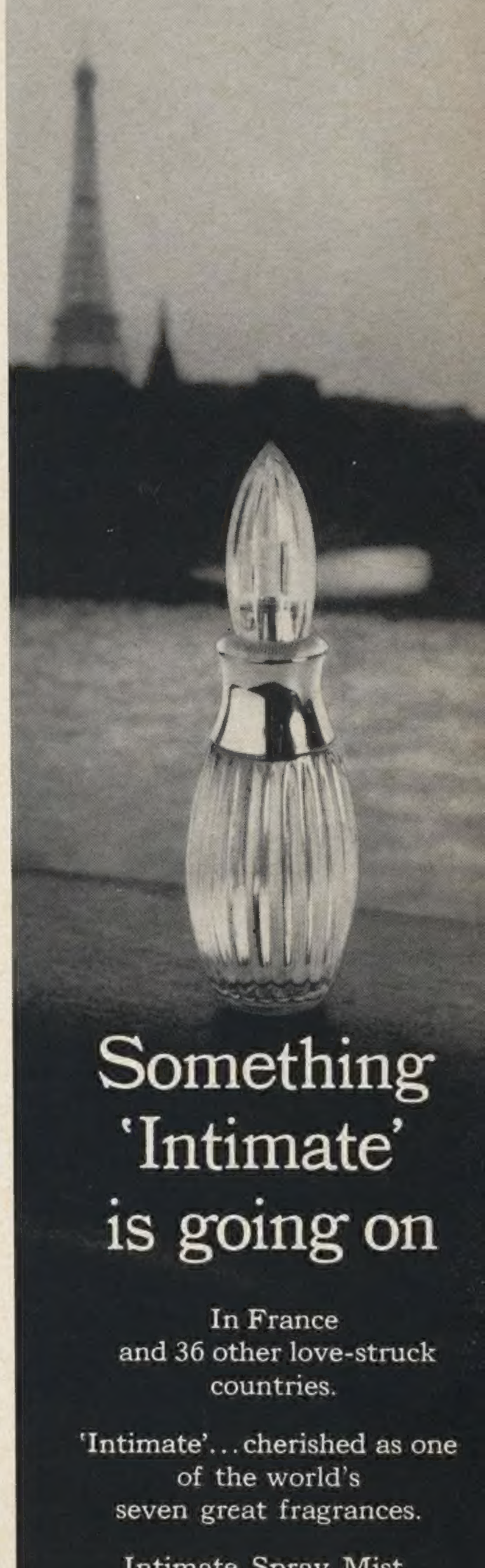
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Teal Traina exhibits subtlety in a different dimension, underplaying vari-colored stripes beneath a green cavalry twill coat.

Adele Simpson shows the independent jacket in bold multi-stripes sheltering a subtle navy wool dress.

Hats by Adolfo.



Photographed at the Museum of Primitive Art

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of Indiana
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Frances Denney

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*DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK. DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, NOT FABRIC OR FASHION SHOWN.

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in
KIKI HART'S
coatdress
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buttoned
in lucite prisms . . .
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You colors—truly feminine ones. That's the idea behind the Crane color creations. We begin with papers in gentle tints and make them decidedly personal by adding hand-brushed borders as dashing, cheerful, or dignified as you like.

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Crane's
FINE PAPERS

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you're a big boy now



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Mr. Gee Clothes—with the motion picture image, inspired by the Seven Arts Pictures release, "YOU'RE A BIG BOY NOW." A film of today's young generation photographed in color on New York locations. Romantic to and fro at the New York Public Library where Peter Kastner works and meets beautiful off-Broadway actress Elizabeth Hartman. The mood: Light-hearted.

THE FASHION POINT:
BLACKSTAFF IRISH LINEN®

Fashions by Mr. Gee travel along with front fold panel dress, deep yoke stitching, about $35; Tri-tone stride-dress with divided skirt, about $35; "Big Boy" Cardigan, about $35; panel side-pleated skirt, top-stitched, about $18; with sleeveless shell, about $13; Side-riding button dress with low-geared belt, about $35; All available in oyster white, navy, or red Irish linen. Sizes 6-14. Prices slightly higher on West Coast.

This new Cortina is a unique advance in basic transportation, and yet it's the smartest, most enjoyable thing that ever came between you and the road.

Irish Linen

"Blackstaff" by ™

MANUFACTURERS OF FINE LINENS SINCE 1830

new Cortina

Ford

CARSON PIRIE SCOTT, CHICAGO—THE J. L. HUDSON CO., MISS HUDSON, DETROIT—MAY COMPANY-WILSHIRE, LOS ANGELES— JOSEPH HORNE, PITTSBURGH

DACRON®

Mr. Gee.....



Mr. Gee Clothes—with the motion picture image, inspired by the Seven Arts Pictures release, "YOU'RE A BIG BOY NOW." Famous names shining on the Marquees where the film is showing: Elizabeth Hartman, Geraldine Page, Peter Kastner, Rip Torn, Michael Dunn, Tony Bill, Karen Black and Julie Harris. Very contemporary—very amusing, as Peter Kastner wears heart on sleeve for Elizabeth Hartman.

THE FASHION POINT: DOUBLE KNIT DACRON®

Stepping ahead with the zaniest of movies, these fresh young fashions by Mr. Gee. Tent dress with raglan sleeves, self fabric piping, about $45; the little dress with the high yoke and baby sleeves, about $45; overblouse with high square yoke, buttoned detail, hidden seam pocket skirt, about $45; softened stride-dress, with divided skirt, belted low, about $40. All in lemon or lime Dacron®Double Knit. Sizes 6-14. Prices slightly higher on West Coast.

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1967

new Cortina

Ford

DACRON® rides smooth and cool

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you're a big boy now



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&
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CLAYTON

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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

February 15

A new Sassoon

Nobody, least of all Vidal Sassoon himself, would say that his famous haircut—as it evolved into greater severity, more trying geometry—was for absolutely every woman who ever searched for a way to wear her hair. Splendid it was (and is) for some people: Certain tuned-in creatures; many mannequins; small-boned women, for whom it's a revelation in femininity, and never mind the woman's age. But to ask Sassoon to depart from his cut was roughly like asking Courrèges to crank out a tweed tutu—an assault on the man's beliefs and insult to the artist's integrity. . . . So: were we not overjoyed by a telephone call from London a few weeks ago in which Vidal, in his celebrated whisper, whispered the following news: "I have something *ab*solutely new. *Ab*solutely wearable. Been working on it for better than six months." A close, Grecian haircut, it has everything that meets Vidal's standards of what modern hairdressing should provide—starting with livability, ease of upkeep. What it is is the Vidal cut—cut now so short you *could* call it a baby haircut. But for anyone who might choose to copy it, he issues this warning: *the ends must not be thinned.* Reason: the hair is about to be given a permanent wave, a good, tight, "old-fashioned permanent wave," and thinned ends, so Vidal believes, make a permanent wave frizzy. Once Vidal's new haircut is permanented, it's shampooed, dried under a heat lamp, fluffed with the fingers. That's all. No setting of any kind takes place. . . . For this fresh look, Vidal likes to see the face made up in bronze-y makeup; even the ears made up in bronze highlights. . . . In a forthcoming issue of Vogue, you'll hear more about the cut, the total look. Meanwhile, up at the Vidal Sassoon-Charles of the Ritz salon on Madison Avenue, Laurance, man-in-charge, has the pattern down pat. Bookings for the cut have already begun. . . .

Now about that patchouli . . .

A groundswell toward patchouli, a fragrance that's been out of circulation as the greener scents have taken hold, is something Vogue has predicted for 1967, a prediction based on the no-news that all women like a change from time to time. . . . Among the newest patchouli sources, as you probably know by now, is Ramu—the first perfume to be issued under the label of that thoughtful fellow, Kenneth. (To gauge women's response to the scent, Kenneth had one of the world's more stellar captive audiences: his salon clientele, from whose response, we take it, the hankering for such a scent was clearly established.) . . . But since one patchouli can't do it all, we checked into other patchouli resources around. Found this: *many* perfumes contain patchouli, and two, besides Ramu, really *feature* it. Are you surprised to hear that Lanvin's little-known and very delicious Rumeur has much patchouli? And that Mitsouko, Guerlain's sleeper, now collecting a following in the U. S., owes no small part of its lure to patchouli? . . .

Where to strike the silver

Everybody makes a silvered makeup of some sort—if he makes makeup at all. Pearled or silvered makeup is perhaps the major makeup revolution of the decade. So what it comes to is this: if you like some one kind of makeup—like its feel, its climate, are perhaps habituated to its name or its packaging, ask for its silvery-pearl produce-list, first of all. . . . We couldn't begin to name *all* the cosmetics that contain some or much highlight. But we can fish out a few of the more unique quick-silverers. . . . To Charles of the Ritz counters take yourself for a flesh-coloured product called Spotlight—within its formula: placeable pearliness for facial or body highlights. To John Robert Powers dispensers, go for the cream-of-pearl cream in a tube that was among the first of the pearlers for eyelids and other highlight-desiring places. From Mary Quant's collection of makeup, select (Continued on page 44)

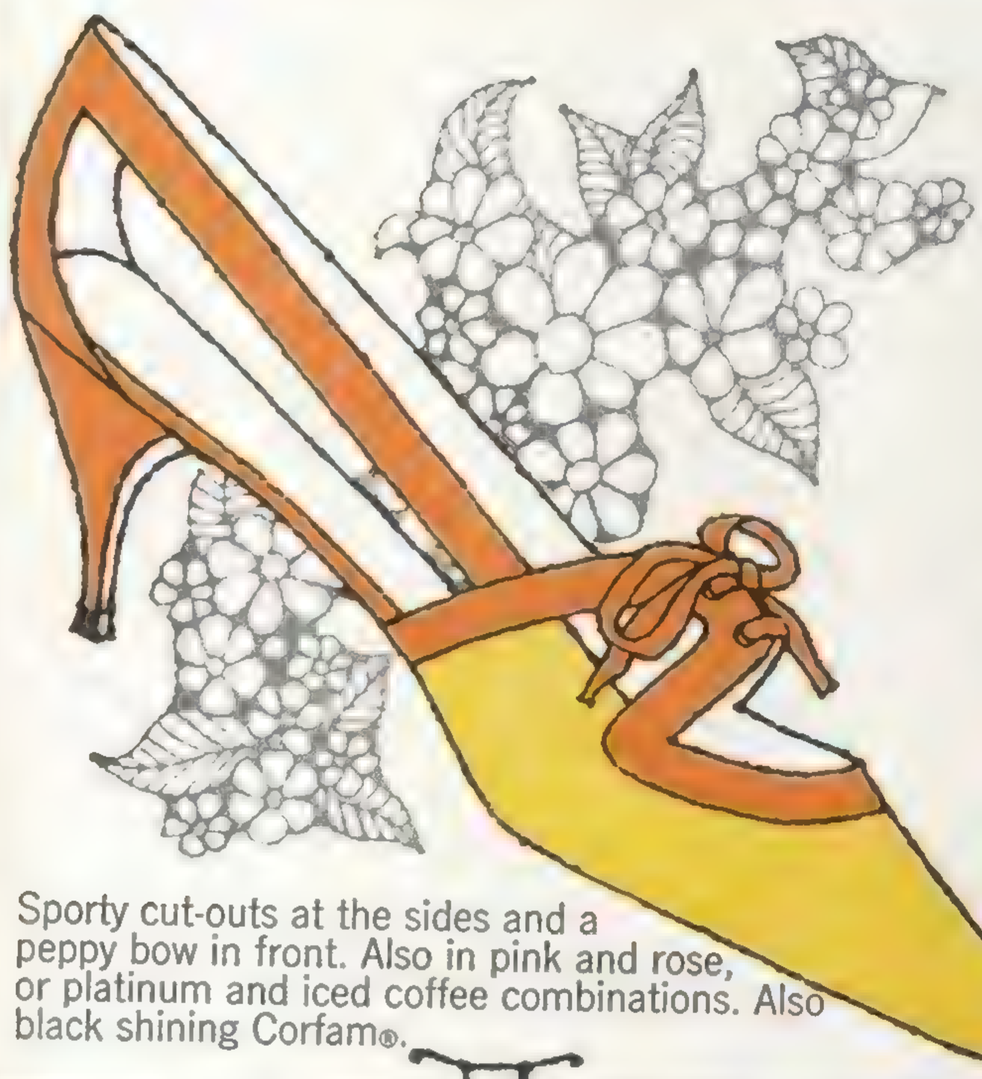

Look younger, longer
This is what Elizabeth Arden skin-care means:
use Ardena Cleansing Cream, Skin Lotion and
Perfection Cream every day...and forget about the years.
Elizabeth Arden
New York • London • Paris
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New Spring Varieties

Plant now for a beautiful Air Step season.

Jezebel-Tie

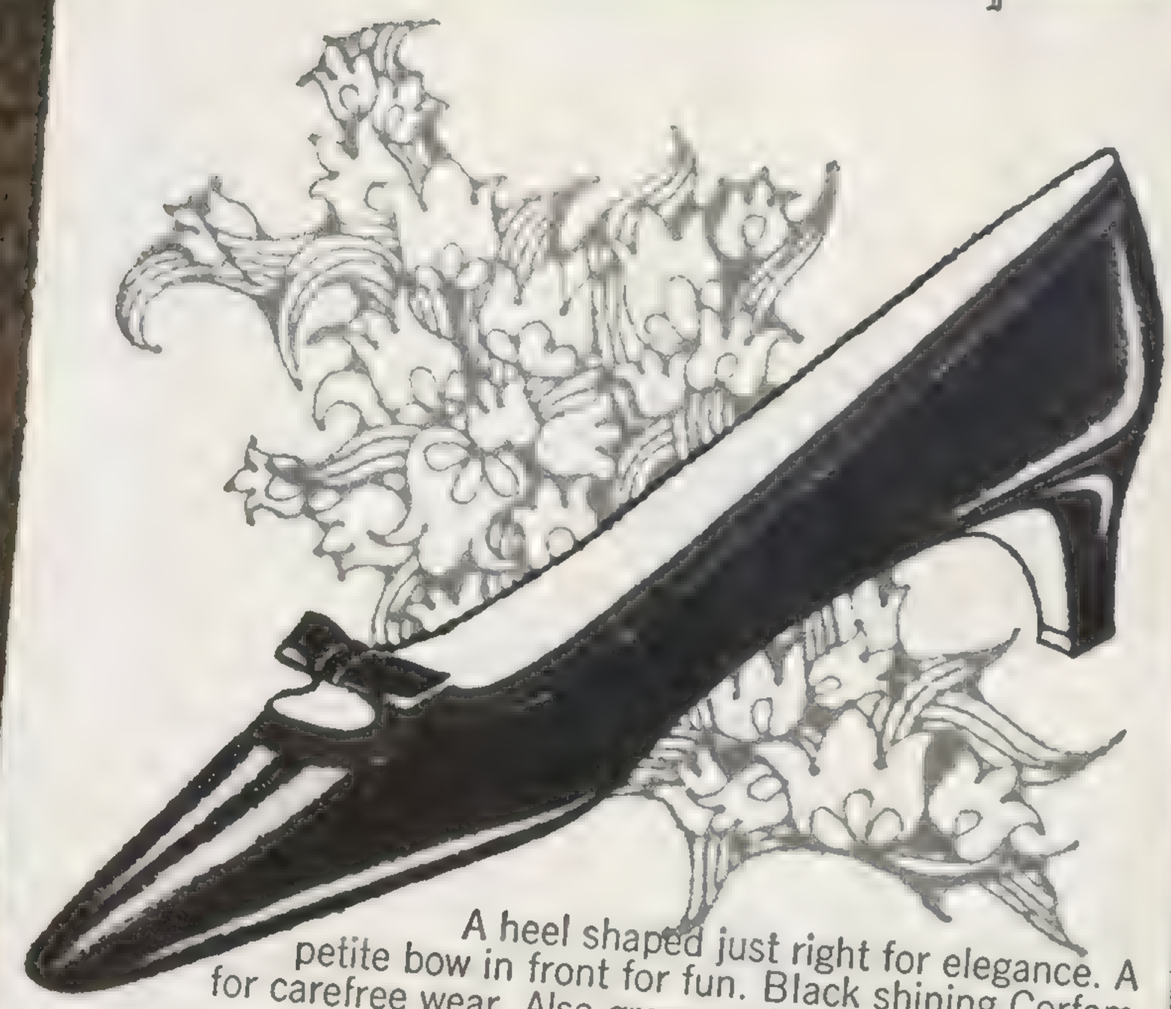
⟦ exciting colors; opens handsomely ⟧



Sporty cut-outs at the sides and a peppy bow in front. Also in pink and rose, or platinum and iced coffee combinations. Also black shining Corfam®.

Gateway

⟦ thrives beautifully without care ⟧



A heel shaped just right for elegance. A petite bow in front for fun. Black shining Corfam for carefree wear. Also green and blue, pink and rose, or bone and vicuna combinations.

Sprint

⟦ a beauty indoors or out ⟧



Deliberately youthful... the softly rounded toe, the chunky heel. Luxuriously grained kid in platinum. Also white or truffle.

LEATHER REFERS TO UPPERS.

CORFAM IS DUPONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS MAN-MADE POROMERIC UPPER MATERIAL.

Chandelle

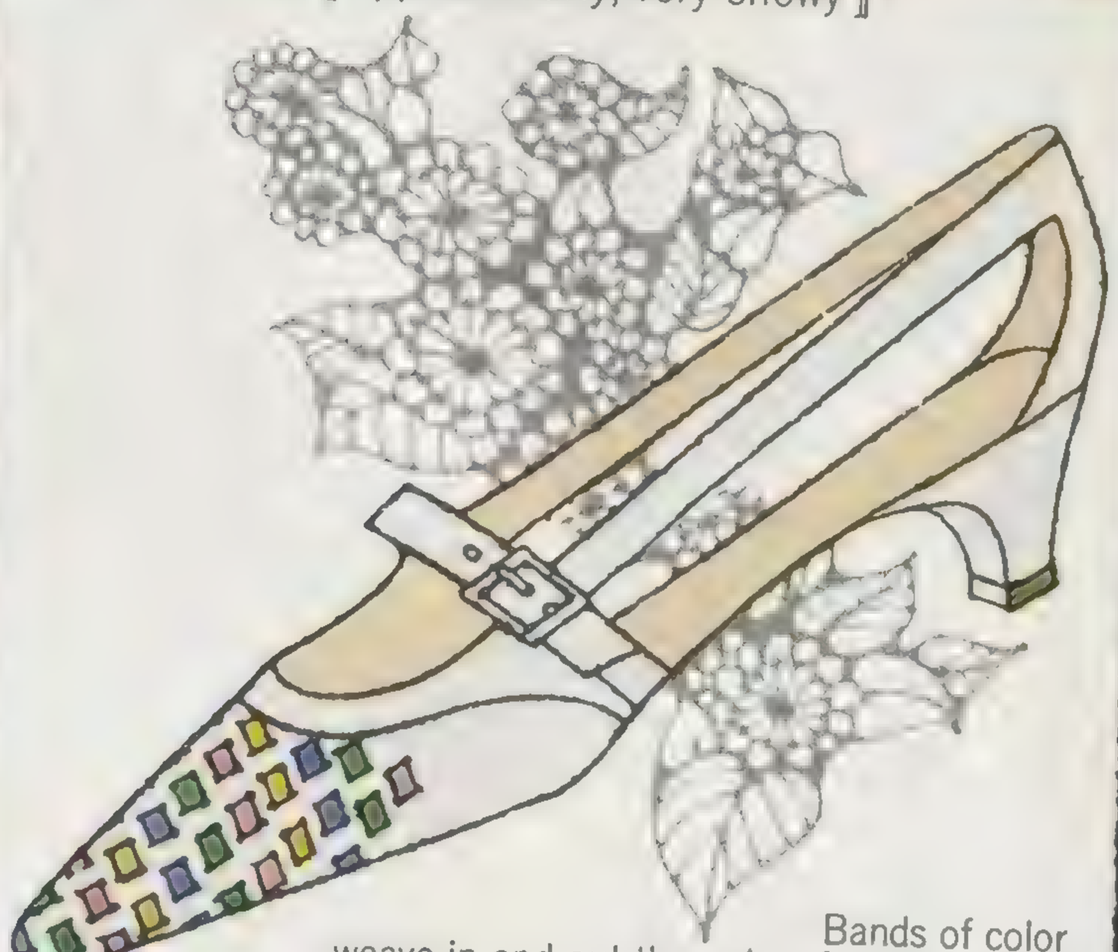
〖 festive two-tone; fascinating texture 〗



A shoe as dazzling as the season. Vibrant stripes of smooth and sueded Corfam you can wipe clean and wear. Also red, green, celery or beige. Or in smooth all-over, shining black Corfam.

Jamaica

〖 appears early; very showy 〗



Bands of color weave in and out through soft textured kid. Airy, open sides let you catch the new warm breeze. In multi-colors against white; also available against bone.

VIP

〖 Lovely perennial favorite 〗



The classic buckle pump—today's most popular style. Faultless fashion, with Air Step's fabulous fit. Black shining Corfam and a wide choice of colors. Air Step shoes are priced from $14 to $20.

Air Step®

For the name of your nearest store, write Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis.

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QUALITY AT

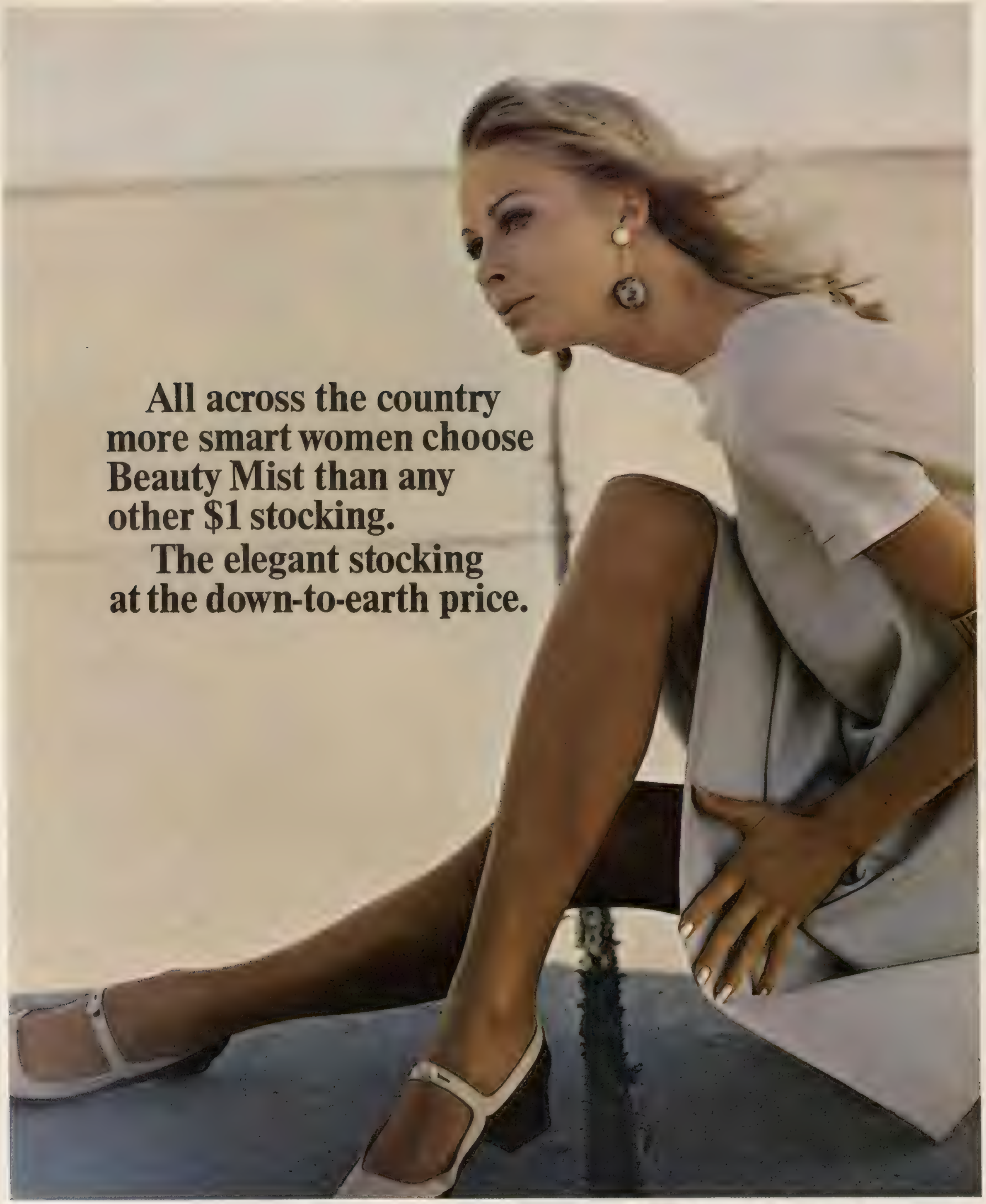
Honest Skin for every complexion type with Bonne Bell Ten-O-Six Lotion.

Honest Skin is clean, clear skin you never have to be ashamed of. Bonne Bell Ten-O-Six Lotion gives it to you and then keeps it that way. Just scrub with Ten-O-Six Lotion every morning and every night. That's all you have to do. Honest!

Bonne Bell

CLEVELAND, SYDNEY, TORONTO





All across the country more smart women choose Beauty Mist than any other $1 stocking.

The elegant stocking at the down-to-earth price.

Only once in a while it comes along, a bonafide bargain in fashion like Beauty Mist. The hosiery smart girls find and make theirs forever. Choose yours from Beauty Mist Dress Sheers, in regular or nude heel $1. Also look for Beauty Mist Cantrece® in regular or nude heel $1.25, and fine Panty Hose only $2. All available at stores near you.

Beauty Mist®

®DuPont's registered trademark for Cantrece Nylon



Shift dress, 8 to 16. At Macy's, New York; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Buffums', Long Beach, California; Z.C.M.I., Salt Lake City; D.H. Holmes Co., Ltd., New Orleans. Also in blue combination. Don Cino fabric by Donson Ltd. Of textured Caprolan® nylon, the more colorful nylon by Allied Chemical. Look for this tag.



Pick a handful of pales.

Leather, silk lined or not. In pistache, ciel, fraise, crême, gris.
Wrist length and longer. From $5.

Van Raalte

because you love nice things



Turnout on tape—coat-and-dress knit



PENATI

Spring, when knits are in the air. . . . One good-looking turnout in ivory wool knit—double-breasted coat over an easy little dress, both taped all around in bright brown. By Couture Imports. About $110. Altman's; Rich's; Harzfeld's. Hudson stockings: Altman's. Fiorentina shoes. Coiffure by Maury of Kenneth.

She's forty if she's a day.
With a daughter who has a daughter.

She can teach any sweet young thing.
a trick or two. About keeping
house. Or keeping a husband.
(Nobody ever got to be
expert at anything in
just a few short years.)

She doesn't have
to experiment with fashion
because she already knows which
current styles work for her. She's
an Enna Jettick woman.

We might add that her daughter
wears them, too. But that doesn't
say as much for the shoes.

Pando, straparound buckle
pump with the fit you can feel.

From the Enna Jettick
collection at $11.99 to $14.99.
Dunn and McCarthy, Inc.,
Auburn, New York.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST/ HAT, MR. JOHN/ COAT, GOODLEIGH

Enna Jettick® makes shoes for grandmothers.

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

More about the silvers (Continued from page 34) the plastic flask called Face Lighter which, thinned by the stroke of a finger, lays down a film of haunting, silvery light over all or part of the face. . . . For boning up the eyebones with light, almost everyone has a suggestion; Ultima II Snowfrost is one readily available pot de such crème. . . . Lives there a makeup firm without a frosted lipstick, blusher, or eye shadow? We doubt it. For piling on the dazzle, however, some houses issue special frosted slicks of sticks for eyes or mouths or both. And to heighten the eyelid's silveriness, some cosmetics-makers do up a cake of powdered silver, but it's probably not for the super-sensitive eyelid, or for the woman who tends to touch her eyes a great deal. In a miniature compact with a felt-tipped applicator, there's Estée Lauder's cake silver. . . . We repeat: everyone, everyone, everyone has some form of highlighter.

Fabergé has a thing called Luna (nice way to put highlight across cheekbones). Some of the first great glimmerers came from L'Oréal. Yardley has a stick called Glimmerlick. Avon has one of the silkiest pearl nail enamels known. Viviane Woodard slips silky pearl into any number of its cosmetics. . . . Capturing light, projecting light, is a cosmetic's business. Choosing one is yours. . . .

Strike while the. . . . Having heard that after each evening's performance, the entire cast of a frenetic Broadway show repairs to a nearby bowling alley to recapture its cool, we thought we might take a closer look at bowling as a stress-reducer—by which we suppose we really meant: bowling as a beauty-health thing. Found the perfect combination. A bowling alley (preferred terminology: bowling lanes) near a private airport we've sometimes had occasion to drop in upon—a place near the new headquarters of one of those solid corporations which, because of its recent de-urbanization, has brought to the formerly bucolic area a concentration of new blood, and presumably some corporate tension to match. . . . Entered building from spacious parking lot. Checked in at efficient desk. Rented needed accoutrements (shoes with slip but not too much of same). Admired alleys—lanes of polished hardwood all done up in the fragrance of Butcher's Wax. Was magnetized first by the invisible pinboys —someone unseen re-sets the pins in place; *someone electrical.* . . . Listened to the satisfying clonk of well-aimed ball against stand of maplewood pins and began to understand bowling as a healthy Outlet. . . . Felt distinct excitement stirring; the thrill of foreign travel, as it were—a feeling reinforced by the curiousness of the native language. Key word seemed to be "amf." Saw "amf" written everywhere—the graffiti of the lanes. Saw it on the score tables. Circled in red on the white-painted bowling pins. Couldn't help but see it scrawled on the electronic pin-spotters that recorded progress (or—sigh—the reverse) at each lane. What could "amf" mean, we wondered? Was it a cordial cheering-on, in code? (Always Much Fun.) A ground-rule? (Anyone May Foul.) Game etiquette? (After Males, Females.) Or was it, possibly, a beauty-health promise? (Arms Made Firm.) . . . Not at all. It was simply shorthand for the name of the Bowl's equipper, American Machine & Foundry, mastermind of the automatic pin-machinery, heart and soul of the invisible pinboy. . . . We bowled a frame. Another. For finishers, still another. Discovered the reception desk was also an electronic control tower which kept track of the progress of every frame played on every lane. (Turned out we hadn't done too badly.) . . . Feeling stretched of bone and muscle, we departed lanes with sense of satisfaction—relaxed, world not too much with us. Next day found ourselves in the grip of a new-found tautness of leg, notably tautness localized in upper thigh (the very place where flesh collects in unbeautiful striations on unwary women). . . . Observing that bowling appears to be an exercise capable of hitting The Spot, we concluded: Nobody's going soft around *there.* There being: the upper thigh—and any place with bowling lanes. . . .

See Mendel's Arnel dresses at these stores:

Ala.—Birmingham . . . . . The Parisian
Mobile . . . . . L. Hammel

Ariz.—Phoenix . . . . . The Diamond

Calif.—Bakersfield . . . . . Malcolm Brock
Fresno . . . . . Gottschalk
Los Angeles . . . . . Bullock's Downtown
Oakland . . . . . Capwell's
Sacramento . . . . . Weinstock Lubin
San Bernardino . . . . . Harris Co.
San Francisco . . . . . Emporium
San Francisco . . . . . Weinstock Hale

Colo.—Denver . . . . . Denver Dry Goods

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Pensacola . . . . . Gayfer's

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Decatur . . . . . Newman's
Jacksonville . . . . . Emporium
Kankakee . . . . . Samuel's
Rockford . . . . . New Wortham
Springfield . . . . . Roland's
Streator . . . . . Opdycke's
Yorkville . . . . . Country Charm

Ind.—Indianapolis . . . . . L. S. Ayres
Kokomo . . . . . Carl Ann
Lafayette . . . . . Palais Royal
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Terre Haute . . . . . Meis Bros.

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Davenport . . . . Petersen-Harned-Von Maur
Des Moines . . . . . Younker's
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Kan.—Dodge City . . . . . Eckle's
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THE LUXURY FIBER
Add a fiber from Celanese and good things get better

ARNEL is if you go to the auction you're glad your dress is made of it because it will keep cool when the bidding gets hot.





*Slightly higher on WestCoast. Celanese® Arnel®

Mendel tops the bidding for crush-proof beauty with an easy-going dress of Arnel. It's washable, packable, won't wrinkle. And stays cool as a cucumber in Burlington's knit of Arnel triacetate and nylon. Sizes 12½ to 24½. In spring green, coral, blue, navy. About $36.00*. At B. Altman & Co., New York; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Draper's, Southern California; Lipman's, Portland. For additional stores, see opposite page.

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THE LUXURY FIBER
Add a fiber from Celanese and good things get better

We know women like a book—In fact they love our cookbooks!



Now from the editors of Glamour, Vogue, Bride's, and House & Garden come four authoritative easy-to-follow cookbooks for the modern hostess.

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Enclosed please find check or money order for $ for the purchase of the cookbooks indicated below.

Please check box for books ordered.

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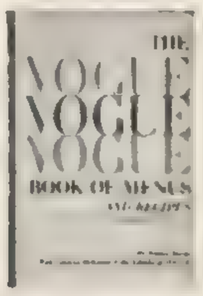
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MONET, MASTER JEWELER, CREATES THE "LA REINA" COLLECTION. NECKLACE, $25. EARRINGS, $12.50. (MATCHING BRACELET, NOT SHOWN.) AT THE FINEST STORES.

jewelry in the golden manner of Monet

INTRODUCING COLOR INSURANCE* FOR WOMEN WHO COLOR THEIR HAIR



Two New Breck Shampoos.
Now you can insure the beauty and lasting quality of your haircolor when you shampoo.

If you tint or use semipermanent haircolor, Green Breck Shampoo for Color Treated Hair helps insure against color washout. Leaves hair easy to manage.

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* Prove it to yourself. Try the new Breck Shampoo for Color Treated Hair that's right for you. If it doesn't perform as we say, send the label to John H. Breck, Inc., Wayne, New Jersey, and we'll refund the purchase price.

Beautiful Hair
BRECK

SHAMPOO FOR COLOR TREATED HAIR

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The Colours of Passion in Pátzcuaro

By Lorna Moffat

"Ah, what a shame, Señor, and I love it so."

I look regretfully at the handmade serape, finger it with yearning hands.

"These are handmade, Señorita, hard work, good wool, hundred and fifty pesos—I can not give it to you for less."

"I know, I know. Oh, what a shame, and it's so beautiful."

The man shrugs his shoulders. There is a silence.

"Well," I say turning around to go, "thank you very much anyway."

From the corner of my eye I see sudden delight on his face.

"Hundred and twenty-six—no less," he says excitedly. "It is nice on you. That is the only reason I give it to you. It is handmade, good wool, hard work." He touches the serape as if it were gold.

"Ah, Señor, it's still too much, but thanks anyway. Goodbye."

This time he lets me almost walk out of the tent. Then he wags a finger. "Wait, come here, come here."

His eyes glare, his mouth curls, but beneath his play-acting is an admiring enchanted man hardly able to contain himself from jumping up and down with excitement for this bargain. What decision, what sacrifice to have to lower his price for an American! Certainly it has made his day. For the first time he feels a tenderness for foreigners.

His face breaks out into a large mysterious smile.

"Señorita, this serape is YOURS for only hundred and fifteen pesos." The word "yours" flaps the clothing around the tent violently. His hands are raised to the sky, his rôle played in full.

"Oh, and how I love it. If only I could afford it," I chant.

The man curses, his dark face grows darker. "What do you want, Señorita, what price then?" He shouts. He hangs his head and shakes it back and forth pathetically.

"I can only afford ninety-five pesos, Señor, and that's too little, I know. I won't disturb you any longer, and thank you, Señor. Goodbye." I wave a despairing hand and turn to go.

"Hundred pesos it is. Good enough."

"Oh, thank you Señor, thank you so much. That's so kind."

He laughs joyously. We even almost embrace. How we love each other for a moment.

My serape is wrapped up in a paper bag and bundled under my arm. We say a warm goodbye.

It is market day in Pátzcuaro. Every Monday all the Tarascan Indians, men, women, and children, come from smaller nearby villages, from the country, from Pátzcuaro itself to the open square with their donkeys and mules which carry on their backs ninety-pound loads of food, poultry, and woollen goods; the women either leading their livestock or following close behind, each with a forty-pound load on her back and a child clutched closely to her breast. Several children follow carrying hand-woven baskets and straw rugs.

The Indians, mostly women aged twelve to sixty-three, unload their donkeys, set up their rickety stands, and put their treasures up for display.

Each stand is a long table with tarpaulins overhead to protect the fruits, meats, and vegetables from spoiling too much in the long hot day. The stands are close together and plentiful, making aisles and labyrinths all across the square.

A vegetable stand will be piled high with potatoes, eggplants, squashes, avocadoes, green beans, cabbage, fat round carrots, silver-white onions, lettuce, cauliflowers, yams, and artichokes.

Another stand will be stacked four feet high, three feet wide

(Continued on page 50)

The dress shoe, without it you're undressed



What's news in shoes? Again, it's the totally elegant look—femininity has returned (shoes have lost the mask). Today—tonight—when you dress at all, you dress entirely down to your toes. That's why the new dressy shoes are the most flattering things you can say in a dress, a suit, or you! Look at the next four pages and see how Jacqueline's at the bottom of it all.

Jacqueline.



The dress shoe by Jacqueline, without it you're undressed

A dash of lemon, a dashing cut-out of a shoe...Jacqueline takes this lilting new shade, turns it into a tangy new dressing. $15 to $17

WOHL SHOE COMPANY · SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI A Division of Brown Shoe Company

At Vogue, Flint; Mabley & Carew, Cincinnati; and other leading stores.

Colours of Passion

(Continued from page 49)

with multicoloured peppers: iridescent red, yellow, green, blue, and orange. Across the aisle are other tables displaying every kind of fruit. Papayas are cut open, their juice and seed running to the ground; rich and orange, and almost melting. Watermelons, berries, pears, peaches, apples of every kind, oranges, mangos, cherries, pineapples rise above one in towers, piled one on top of the other looking like blowfish. Grapefruits, guavas, chiramoyas lie about in vast confusion.

Herb stands are scattered everywhere selling plants curing nervous disorders, special barks of trees for the heart, liver, eyes, lungs, and kidneys. Remedies for cancer, gout, rheumatism, and paralysis are packed in bottles and boxes. Peyote and the Mushroom of God give spiritual visions. Magic potions for courage, love, and tranquillity are sold.

Clothes stands wave at one serapes, handmade sweaters, cotton pants, strange colourful dresses and blouses. Shoe stands, smelling of cured leather, call one over with the banging of hammers. Handmade sandals, pigskin slippers, dress shoes look serious and stern and, what a shame, between them sit plastic shoes pale and sickly in the sun.

Fruit-drink stands are many, and Raspberry Whips, Strawberry Hats, Pineapple Twists, Eskimo Ecstasies, Carrot Clouds, Berry Foams are the delights one drinks while swirling around through the hot burning market.

The poorer Indians sit on the pavement. Their legs crossed, their hair braided, they sell the pads and fruits of prickly-pear cactus, baby mockingbirds found in the fields where they work, mashed corn, sacks of dead water flies, lentils, chick-peas, small avocadoes, and various kinds of raw beans. There they sit, their dark eyes flashing, showing disappointment, rage, or pleasure according to how their day is going.

The scent of burning pork skins stifles the air. Rotten fruits and vegetables, spoiling meat, and the fleshy moist smell of humans make one excited and somehow desperate. Bags of beans, dried and mashed corn, and platters of cow's blood, herbs, and sage, and swirling fruit drinks speckled with bees and ants make one giddy and somehow deeply touched. The drone of foreign voices and the wandering Indians with flowers, baskets, and children on their backs make one want to dance and be horrified and wondrous all at once. Temptation and curiosity hide in bags of sugar and rice; fighting cocks and turkeys cluck and gobble at one from beneath tables and in the arms of their masters.

Pigs pulled by one back leg squeal and are led behind a doorway and bled. One watches in terror, then a pastry wagon wheels in front of one, and the sweet smell stiffens the stomach with greed. Ice cream melts in children's hands, and beggars dressed in bright colours come towards one, crooked and tired with tin cans and blessed words. One feels distracted and glorious and somehow sad that after watching a pig go to slaughter, fruit can be just as appealing and the sway of life just as brilliant.

And so, after picking up handmade knives and guns, after testing herbs and eating mangos, stroking turkeys, staring at woollen clothing, and buying tortillas for the fun of it, one leaves rather hurriedly without knowing why. Into the streets and down into the silence where the market place no longer exists.

The village is colourful: Pale pinks, straw yellows, brick reds, whites, and blues are the colours of the old colonial houses which lean drunkenly over the narrow cobbled streets. Magnificent old hand-carved doors, baroque, ten to fifteen feet high open into secret gardens rich with larkspurs, roses, and fruit trees; one looks in astonished. The poor live grandly. Baroque staircases lead onto worn balconies and on one stands a ragged dirty child gazing down at us openmouthed and silent.

As one walks towards the lake, the houses become less grand. They are made of mud bricks, and their windows are

clustered with flowers; on their balconies, caged mockingbirds sing. Dogs roam the streets, mangy, small and thin, sniff one's leg and trot onwards. Children play ball, and babies lie wrapped in blankets on the sidewalks. Tiendas with dark stale insides burst out at one; breads and cookies are locked behind windows, sacks of flour and rice are the roost for chickens. Canned goods stand long and forgotten on the shelves.

The cobbled streets slowly unravel, turn themselves into dirt roads . . . houses are fewer, an occasional woman, carrying wood for that night's fire on her back, nods shyly, stray cows wander past chewing regurgitated grass. A man leads his burro carrying stacks of hay. The day is soft, hot, and peaceful. One feels at rest with the world.

The dirt road stops at the lake. Water hyacinths in full bloom dapple the marsh for miles. Cattails whistle and wave in the wind. Brahman bulls graze, their long lazy ears flickering away flies and mosquitoes. Boats pull to shore laden with whitefish, Pátzcuaro's chief industry. Old fishermen with funny lined faces speak quietly of how their day is going.

A funny trademark of these fishermen is that two of their front teeth are missing. It is because their nets unfold like umbrellas. The net is lined with lead bars to give it weight. They hold one lead bar with their two front teeth. When they cast out their net, these unfold and spring into the water. If they don't let go at that moment, the force is so great that it pulls out their front teeth. All of them seem to have been too slow at one time or another.

Pátzcuaro is still one of the most primitive villages in Mexico as far as law and order are concerned. Law hasn't even a judge or jury, and to get rid of a rival just means buying a gun and using it. The people will bury him quickly without a word for fear it would cost their lives. Tony, my travelling companion, and I had a very funny experience which shortened our visit considerably.

Tony and I were dining in the village square one night. Market day was almost finished, stands were unburdened of their fruits and vegetables, women walked down the streets with heavy baskets and stuffed potato-sacks, noise grew softer. Guitars sang with the voices of their owners. Beggars grew tired of begging, counted their few coins, and disappeared into the dark corners of the square.

We had had enchiladas and coffee and were talking about the difference between children in Mexico and children in America, when a middle-aged man with black curly hair towered over us, swaying slightly and breathing heavily. He was well dressed in a conventional grey flannel suit and striped tie. His face was unattractively weak and somehow appealing. He was drunk, standing beside us as if waiting to be introduced. Tony said "hello" in Spanish.

The man sputtered in broken English, "My car, my car," and he swung his head back and forth angrily.

"What's wrong with your car?" Tony asked with amused concern.

"My car, my car, and I work every day, every week." He shouted and swung his body violently, almost falling over. He turned to me and stared for a moment. Then he said, "Excuse me, lady. Only tonight am I like this because all I do is work day and night, day and night."

"Too much work isn't good for anybody," I answered hoping to soothe him. He turned to Tony and moaned.

"I have money. Oh, excuse me." He paused. "You are my friends."

This went on for half an hour, he getting more upset about his work, Tony and I getting more interested about his state of mind. Finally he staggered off into the hotel to get a room, mumbling how he hated people in Pátzcuaro.

Tony and I decided the man needed help. We would see if we could get his car fixed as that seemed to disturb him the most, and even try to push some wise never-worry-about-anything phrases into him. We went into the hotel, were closely

(Continued on page 52)



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Colours of Passion

(Continued from page 51)

assembled next to the drunk, patting him on the back, soothing him, bowing now and then whenever he demanded something. He shrugged and sputtered incomprehensible words, stamped his feet, cursed, swayed, staggered, retained his balance with the help of the servants, and went on babbling.

When the man saw us paying for our dinner, he stuffed fifty pesos into the waiter's hand and said, "I pay, these are my friends. I pay." Then he clutched onto Tony's arm and buried his head. Tony insisted we wanted to pay as it was our dinner and he had nothing to do with it. The drunk shook his head and shouted that he would pay. At that moment he took my hand and swept his head across it, bowing. This gave Tony a chance to pay the waiter for our dinner.

The man forgot that he wanted to pay and accepted gratefully the fifty pesos returned to him. Servants bowed and departed as though he were a great king. It seemed funny that the people of Pátzcuaro should act that way to anyone, let alone a drunk man. They were all too proud, beggars, servants, hotel managers, all of them.

Suddenly, the man asked for two suites for Tony and me. The manager looked confused. Tony shook his head, the manager nodded. The drunken king took out a hulk of money and shoved it into the manager's hands. The manager's face turned pale with confusion. We explained we already had a room, but he only grumbled about friends and forgot again what he was doing. He mumbled something in Tony's ear, Tony looked sympathic and mumbled back. Then the drunk turned to the waiter and mumbled into his ear. We darted out of the hotel hoping to lose him. He followed us waving his hands frantically through the air.

"A drink, my friends, a drink. You sleep in my hotel. I have already paid," he called.

Tony stopped and said, "That's very kind of you but we have a place already."

The drunk man didn't understand. He leaned on Tony and patted his neck affectionately. His eyes always looked at Tony's forehead with a clever sadness showing through them. He sputtered about his work and stumbled and called out to people driving cars saying they were his friends. To our surprise, the cars would stop and people would wave and smile.

A truck came towards us as we stood in the middle of the street, and the man whistled. It stopped alongside of us and a frail-looking boy of about twenty-three got out and smiled. He had an elfish face with two front teeth missing, and I liked him. I wondered why so many people in the village were nice to drunken people, and I felt even fonder of the people than I had before. Tony and I shook hands with him. The drunk said we all must drink together as friends. Tony added, "One drink then, that's all." The drunken man laughed.

"Yes, my friend. Only once in a lifetime can you drink with a real friend." He made us shake hands again with his friend and then pushed us into the truck and climbed in himself clumsily.

We were driven around the square to a restaurant. We all tumbled out and went up some stairs. Men were sitting around drinking and talking. Then Tony heard the drunk man murmur to his friend in Spanish.

"Do you like her?" The boy couldn't answer no. He nodded.

"I'll get rid of him then."

Tony came up to me and told me to act as dignifiedly as I could and that we might have trouble.

I found a table next to the balcony and sat down, straight and solemn. Tony followed with the drunk at his heels, slurring about friendship and his work. He sat down next to me.

"Are you an English lady?" he asked.

"Yes, I am," I replied gravely and puffed at a cigarette.

"Good," he said and put his head on the table puffing for air.

I glanced at Tony. He was involved in a conversation about Mexico with the other boy. Suddenly, the drunk got up and turned to the table across from

us. There were four children, a wife and her husband and a fat walrus man. They greeted him cordially. He introduced me, making me shake hands with everyone including the children, and then made them shake hands with one another.

"My friends, my friends," he became quite jolly, losing his sense of the tragic altogether. He spoke loudly, everyone listened intently and with grave respect.

I couldn't understand why. No one I had known anywhere before was kind and respectful to drunken people. They were considered bores and trouble-makers. The drunk man took my hand and told me to stand up. I did. Then he took the walrus man and told him to kiss me. The walrus man insisted I was an English lady and declined.

"My friend, my life," the drunk burbled unhappily. Everyone cast their eyes down as if joining in a long and frequent prayer.

"My work, I have nothing, nothing. My life is hateful." When he finished, eyes were raised and talking resumed. The man sat down in his chair again.

"Why are you so sad?" I asked feeling confused, delighted, and a bit frightened.

He paused and pushed back his curly black hair. "I don't know." He shook his head back and forth. "I don't know, I don't know." He pounded the table and fell out of his chair onto the floor. He continued grumbling.

"I work day and night," he said, feeling quite at home on the floor. "Someone pick me up," he yelled and then began cursing. The waiter and the walrus man lifted him back to his chair. He stared at me from his chair and then put his arms around me and began gurgling about his wife.

"I can read palms," I said foolishly. I took his hand and looked at it. He jerked it away, got up and tottled to the bar. There he was wrapped with arms, faces smiled, heads nodded, and respectful hands offered him more beer. He laughed with them in a hot-blooded, throated voice, fell down, got up with the help of his friends, shouted, complained, and everyone patted him on the back when he got too loud or violent. He seemed quite secure and quite unhappy.

The boy, who had been speaking with Tony about Mexico, suddenly stopped and said, "Your lives are in great danger. This man is one of our most ruthless killers. He killed just a month ago two Americans such as you are. He shot them because they wouldn't drink with him. He has killed many Indians because they wouldn't work for him. He has too much money, too much power. Everyone fears him. He told me he would kill you," and he glanced at Tony urgently, "for your woman. He thinks I want your woman. I can do nothing. You must go now, while he is still talking, while he is still without courage. It is this beer and liquor which give him power. I like you, that is why I warn you. Go quickly and don't let him see you." Tony and I glanced at each other. We could only laugh.

The boy looked frightened. "You must go. He carries a pistol. It is with him now. You don't believe me, and yet I warn you. In five minutes you might be dead. Go while he is busy. He is drunk now and dangerous."

Tony and I got up slowly and walked to the door. We could hear the man howling and roaring with sad laughter. We walked down the stairs. The man called after us, rushing to the flight of stairs. We dashed away into the night, believing more than ever before that it was impossible for us to ever die . . . perhaps because it was much closer than we realized. Death, that is.

The man had killed many people at random. Justice belonged to him and so did crime. I wonder if his punishment and torment was worth all those lives. To him, yes.

We were luckier than we thought. We learned from our hotel manager that he always shot whomever he wanted; no one had been missed. If he meant to shoot anyone, he would search for them until he did. Maybe he really didn't want to shoot us, or I'm sure he would have. Our burial would be quiet and silent, and no one would know exactly what had happened. No one would dare know.



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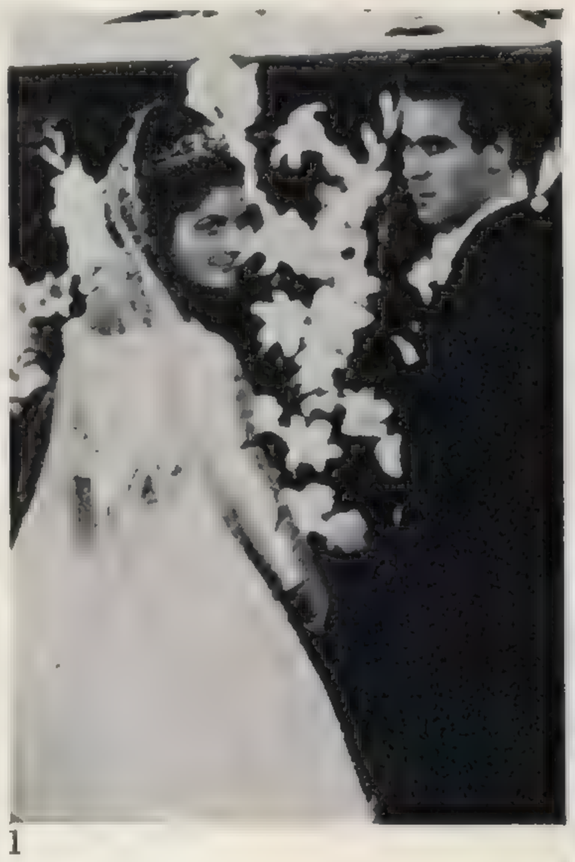
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VOGUE'S

The entrancing De Ligne-Mérode wedding in Belgium



1



2

When Prince and Princesse Charles-Guillaume de Mérode left the parish chapel after their marriage in the Belgian town of Antoing, the Mérode hunt servants, uniformed in green and red, sounded a fanfare on their horns. For the bride, who was Princesse Hedwige de Ligne, a daughter of Prince and Princesse Jean-Charles de Ligne-La-Trémoïlle, Castillo had designed a supremely simple white satin dress; for her mother, sable-cuffed blue crêpe.

The Flemish choir of Lanaken, where the Mérode family lives, came across Belgium to sing at the service. From Paris came many of the three hundred and fifty friends and relatives who celebrated this linking of two noble Belgian families. For that day, the Château d'Antoing—peaked,



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NOTEBOOK



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turreted, built around a thirteenth-century dungeon tower—had assumed some splendid trompe-l'oeil effects. A marquee over the terrace became a great hall lined in eighteenth-century tapestries and flowering trellises. While the guests ate duckling à l'orange in this room-for-a-day, tenants feasted in a stable-garage that had been hocus-pocussed into a banquet hall.

1. The bride and groom at the altar. 2. The bride with her pageboys, Prince Antoine Lamoral de Ligne and Prince Pierre d'Arenberg. 3. Prince Charles-Antoine de Ligne, Princesse Philippine de Mérode. 4. Archduke and Archduchess Rudolph of Austria. 5. The wedding luncheon with, in the foreground, H.R.H. Principessa Maria Isabella di Savoia. 6. Princesse Jean-Charles de Ligne-La-Trémoïlle, the bride's mother; Prince Xavier de Mérode, father of the groom. 7. Prince Amaury de Mérode. 8. Prince Armand de Mérode, Princesse Natalie de Ligne, Princesse Armand d'Arenberg. 9. Prince Carlos d'Arenberg, Marquis de Belsunce d'Arenberg.



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VOGUE'S

The knock-out rounds of pleasure the night they put "Paris in Chicago"



1

Everything rolled that evening, even the r-r-r's. It was "Paris in Chicago" night for the benefit of a Paris-Chicago exchange fellowship in political science under the auspices of the University of Chicago. The evening's first round went to Charles Aznavour, the French singer whose gritty voice, wry songs, and ugly-sexy charm spilled over at Orchestra Hall.

Second round: a supper ball at Maxim's de Paris, Chicago's enchanting knock-off of the real thing—with its ripe reds, polished wood, and *Peitschenhieb* strokes of brass, a room "extremely becoming to women," a guest said. Especially becoming this evening to the lunar gleam of flocks of white and silver dresses.

Round three: a showing of



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NOTEBOOK



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clothes designed by Principessa Luciana Pignatelli (who is not at all French but has a clear fashion grasp of romance language). Last round: Into the white hours the young and the agile, unwilling to shake the fun, shook themselves into Maxim's discothèque where the lights are weak, the beat is strong, and the dances international.

1. Maxim's de Paris in Chicago. 2. M. Jean-Louis Mandereau, French Consul General in Chicago; Mrs. Bertrand Goldberg. 3. Mr. George O'Brien, Mrs. Paul Dougherty. 4. Mrs. Edward H. Bennett, Mrs. Bernard F. Rogers, III. 5. Mrs. Arnold Horween, Jr., wearing a Pignatelli jibba. 6. Mrs. Paul Dougherty in a Pignatelli dress. 7. M. Charles Aznavour, during his concert. 8. Mrs. Marshall Field, IV, Mr. Richard Bentley. 9. Mme. Jean-Louis Mandereau, Mr. Bertrand Goldberg. 10. Principessa Luciana Pignatelli, Mr. Paul Young. 11. Mr. and Mrs. John A. Bross, Jr.

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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK: THEATRE

By ANTHONY WEST

The Star-Spangled Girl,

"a nitwit with glands of gold"

Neil Simon's new comedy at the Plymouth, *The Star-Spangled Girl,* is an episode in his productive career that will never be held against him if he has learned its lesson. What makes Mr. Simon's earlier play, *The Odd Couple,* a classic of American comedy at its best, holding out the promise that its author may have it in him to become a domestic Feydeau, is that it's a tough-minded and exceedingly perceptive treatment of the real effects of the failure of a marriage on male self-esteem. It is, as it were, and all the better for that, Strindberg in reverse, sense about the nonsense of the posturings and self-dramatizations that the wounded male resorts to when seeking balm. For all its air of being a carefree piece of fooling, the comedy is one that very few husbands and wives can sit through without enjoying, again and again, that best of comic theatrical experiences, the shock of self-recognition, the cleansing moment of truth, in which one recognizes one's self at one's most pretentious and most idiotic. These shocks are what give farce its vitality and point, and Mr. Simon's grasp of the realities in *The Odd Couple* was so sure that he was able to produce a flashing stream of them.

But in *The Star-Spangled Girl* Mr. Simon has abandoned realities and hard sense for soft sentimentality about fictions. Nobody, but nobody, ever was at any one of the points of the triangle that Mr. Simon has put onto the stage and nobody has ever behaved as his two male intellectuals and his dumb bunny of a female Olympic swimmer are made to behave. The whole thing is an essay in cuteness, sculpture carved not even in butter but in oleomargarine, and it is made tolerable only by Mr. Simon's sharply written and often exceedingly funny lines.

Anthony Perkins and Richard Benjamin do very well by their entirely incredible and wholly uninteresting rôles by dint of giving these lines their full value and sometimes rather more than that, but it is, unhappily, above and beyond Connie Stevens's powers to give these performers any assistance. Her part is, it must be admitted, a difficult one to handle. She has to lend some degree of conviction to the possibility that she might be a certain Sophie Rauschmeyer, an all-American small-town girl to end all small town girls, who lives solely to atone for the disgrace of placing fifth in her event in the Tokyo Olympics by winning her gold medal at the forthcoming games in Mexico City. Engaged to a Marine lieutenant, she is at first unsettled by the persistent attentions of the character played by Mr. Benjamin, and then undone by her susceptibility to the physical attractions of that played by Mr. Perkins, whose ideas, as the editor of a far-out pacifist magazine, she despises from the bottom of her heart.

It would take a very accomplished comedienne indeed, some authentic comic genius like Barbara Harris, to make anything of this figure, a nitwit with glands of gold, and Miss Stevens, alas, is not in that class. She is a dear girl, and she tries her very hardest, but her efforts are those of a star of the tiny screen who has learned whatever it is she knows playing with George Burns in *Wendy and Me,* as Cricket in *Hawaiian Eye,* and as a guest star in what a program note touchingly refers to as "the major supper clubs." Mr. Simon is a real professional who makes no concessions, and his deceptively simple lines assume an actress who knows a great deal more about her business than that.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

MOVIES

By ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

The Deadly Affair, "acrid thriller"

The tone of the modern spy novel and film derives, I think, from Somerset Maugham's *Ashenden*. Edwardian espionage, as rendered by John Buchan or E. Phillips Oppenheim, was romantic and glamorous. Maugham's British agent cooped up in Switzerland during the First World War sounded a new note of weary and disenchanted professionalism—long boring days of waiting, a flash of incomprehensible and bitter action, an episode of anguish or betrayal experienced without illusion or regret.

Ashenden remained, however, an amateur in a professional service. He believed in the justice of his cause. This was still true for the spies of the Second World War. But the cold war has given the spy story a nihilistic twist. The essence of the serious espionage tale of our day is the proposition that all spies are alike in the cold. Professionalism is now everything; the means dissolve the ends. The imperatives of the game require on both sides a cynicism which corrupts all causes. This "realistic" treatment of espionage thus issues in an ethical cul-de-sac (from which the only escape would appear to be the burlesque fantasy—James Bond, Our Man Flint, and the rest of the Mitty crowd).

Graham Greene originated the amoral espionage of the cold war, and John Le Carré has been his most effective disciple. Sidney Lumet's new film, *The Deadly Affair*, is based on Le Carré's novel *Call for the Dead*. It is a splendid, acrid thriller, more satisfying to my mind than the film version of *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold*. *The Spy* was almost too low-keyed and sombre; it never quite came to life. *The Deadly Affair* exudes the same fumes of fatigue, frustration, and disgust; but, though the problem is less serious, the effect is a good deal more spirited.

Mr. Lumet is a lively and inventive, or at least intelligently imitative, director. His last film, *The Pawnbroker*, caused great debate among the savants. I was among those who found it, as I saw it, strong and moving, but later I was uneasy about this reaction and could not argue too confidently against those who dismissed it as a crafty exercise in the manipulation of emotion. The new film is far less studied and portentous.

The Deadly Affair is a fairly intricate account of espionage in the British Foreign Office. Mr. Lumet gives the film a crisp pace, a controlled feeling for violence, a nice satiric touch in dealing with the bureaucracy of espionage, and a sufficient, if not very profound, sense of human relations. James Mason is a gifted but uneven actor. Here he is at his best as the troubled intelligence officer with the nymphomaniac wife, committed to duty out of some abstract sense beyond reward or fulfillment. He is better than Richard Burton in the comparable rôle in *The Spy*. In a generally excellent cast Harriet Andersson of the Ingmar Bergman films offers sullen sexuality as his wife, and Simone Signoret sullen power as the wife of a suspected spy.

The Defector, "alas"

The success of *The Deadly Affair* can be measured by the failure of *The Defector*, a Raoul Levy film about an American scientist recruited by the CIA for a mission into East Germany. The photographic background here is both convincing and lovely, but nothing else in the film works. There is no structure to the story, no sense to the motivation, no ingenuity in the narration, no thought about the supposed problem—the ethics of defection—and no irony in the ironic dénouement. That talented and gallant actor, Montgomery Clift, gives an affecting but tremulous performance in what must be, alas, his last film.

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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

MOVIES

By ANN BIRSTEIN

Funeral in Berlin, "*for the boys*"

Well, there are boys' pictures and there are girls' pictures. *Funeral in Berlin*, for all that it stars England's sensation, Michael Caine, is for the boys. Which is to say that this latest movie, based on a Len Deighton thriller (*The Ipcress File* was the last), starts with a pair of female gams, goes on to bosoms, and ultimately winds up with the usual assortment of bloodied heads and popeyed corpses—all to the tune of that saxophone music that's supposed to mean a lot of jazzy action on the screen.

As in the novel, the story concerns an attempted defection over the Berlin Wall, and involves the efforts of not only double but even triple agents: Israeli good guys, ambiguous Germans, and terribly British British. It's all rather complicated and short on suspense. But *Funeral in Berlin* doesn't take itself too seriously as a thriller anyway and prefers to aim at smooth comedy, a point that's apparent right at the start when Michael Caine steps on the scene and says to a tousled female: "You're useless in the kitchen, why don't you go back to bed?" He's not always so fortunate either in his lines or in the people he gets to say them to. Later on, the script requires him to inform his disgusted superior (Guy Doleman) that he has no intention of killing anyone in cold blood and, an even grimmer task, to tell the stolid East German soldier who's arresting him, "Me, British"—pause—"You, Tarzan."

Obviously it's going to take quite a guy to pull this off, and the best joke of the movie is that Michael Caine so often does. Whether this achievement owes as much to his acting ability as to his sheer personal charm is a moot point. But his Harry Palmer is certainly one of the most likable and unassuming secret agents on film, a small guy working on a big scale, more a victim of his own job than anybody's hero. The slight Cockney accent, the amusing flat delivery all help. So do his silences: the sight of him walking woozily and stiff-legged out of a lady's apartment at dawn, the heavy-lidded look he gives her when she tells him beer is good for the hair "—if you want body."

There are a few good supporting performances (not, alas, by Eva Renzi, the lady in question). Thomas Holtzmann has several very funny moments as a harried Chief of Police, and Oscar Homolka plays the Russian Colonel with such gravel-voiced good nature that it's a temptation to defect to *his* side. But usually, even when it's only trying for local colour, *Funeral in Berlin* is too glossy and too girlie.

The Game is Over, "*froth evaporates*"

According to the credits, Roger Vadim's latest sizzler was inspired by a Zola novel *(La Curée)*, although this story of a rich young stepmother consumed with passion for her stepson is more likely to bring *Phèdre* to mind. The scene is Paris, and the stars are Jane Fonda and Peter McEnery, who are very handsome and persuasive as long as sex is the only issue, and they are playing topless love scenes or else taking baths in which Miss Fonda splashes about looking as pink and lissome as her predecessor, Brigitte Bardot, besides suggesting a somewhat brisker intelligence when she's dressed. But when it comes to tragedy, the whole delicious froth evaporates. *The Game is Over* is best at its prettiest. As to Miss Fonda's clothes, I found them so stunning it seemed a shame she had to take them off so often. Maybe this picture will interest both boys and girls.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

BOOKS

By JEAN STAFFORD

When She Was Good, "she is horrid"

"Not to be rich, not to be famous, not to be mighty, not even to be happy, but to be civilized—that was the dream of his life." In this auspicious way Philip Roth begins his novel *When She Was Good* (Random House), and for a few pages, one is caught up in the uncivilized and dramatic squalor from which the boy of the first sentence hopes to escape. Willard Carroll becomes respectable (this condition appears to be synonymous with "civilized") as assistant postmaster in a small Middle Western city, as a husband, as a father of a daughter, and as owner of a house. But the peace and propriety that should proceed from such a status are withheld from him. His daughter, who is pretty and sweet and weak, marries a freeloading, goldbricking drunk, who moves in with his in-laws for fifteen years. His granddaughter by this unsatisfactory union is willful, hostile, egocentric, unlucky, a loner, and makes life hell for everybody. Early on, she wrests the story away from her grandfather, and thereafter he hovers greyly on the sidelines.

The title is misleading for the "she" of it, Lucy, is seldom good and she is never very, very good. Most of the time she is horrid, although she is the victim of such raw deals that one is not surprised—but, unfortunately, not sympathetic either. The first blight of her young life is her father, whom, in an excess of rage and hatred and sanctimoniousness, she has jailed for drunkenness. The second is a slob of a youth who seduces, impregnates, and marries her when she is seventeen, much to his distress and hers and that of both their families. This tiresome boy, whose name is Roy, cries a great deal, is addicted to Hydrox cookies, and thinks in numbered sequences, thus: "... (1) they had a high standard of living ... (2) they weren't money-mad ... (3) they didn't believe in war...."

A great deal of the book is given over to lengthy quarrels between articulate, humiliating Lucy and lachrymose, bewildered Roy, and while Mr. Roth's ear is true and the recriminations and the apologies sound exactly right, the subject of their disputes is so ordinary that one's eyes grow heavy from the banality of it. As her grandfather was determined not to follow in his father's footsteps, so Lucy will not follow in her mother's. Her zeal and her self-righteousness as a matron and a mother bring her to the brink of madness and, eventually, to her pathetic accidental death, which it is hard to mourn.

It is impossible to believe that Mr. Roth cares about either of these people or any of the others that heavily appear on the scene and equally heavily clump off. From time to time, but only for moments, he assigns to them gumption or charm or grief: Lucy, at fifteen, desperately seeking meanings and support, is attracted to the Catholic Church and she consults a priest and makes a retreat, but long before her instruction is finished, her ardour has petered out. Her father, with a touch of heroism, now and then goes on the wagon and flaccidly falls off; Roy's father and mother and his aunt and uncle rise generously to the occasion when they learn of Lucy's pregnancy and behave fittingly at the wedding, but when the chips are down, they turn on her and gather to their bosom their feckless boy.

All of them are shadowy, wanting in all but the most meagre particularity, and the end result is depressing: One feels that one has spent a long Thanksgiving day with a hinterland family whose interests, ambitions, politics, houses, automobiles, food, and tragedies are so studiously average that they should be subjects for a statistician rather than a novelist.

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MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

1967: the year of the turtle . . . the turtleneck is stuck out all over . . . In London,



LICHFIELD

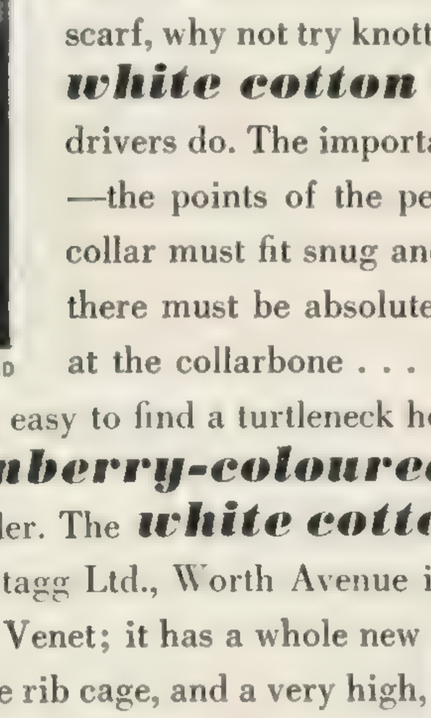
for example, where Lord Snowdon wore a ***black wool*** turtleneck with a dinner suit to a party with H.R.H. Princess Margaret. . . . Over in Jermyn Street, Turnbull and Asser has come up with the great turtleneck shirt that barrister John Moore wears at right . . . it's a superbly luxurious, sexy-feeling ***white satin*** shirt to be worn with dinner clothes. It fastens in back with two black buttons, and has two black buttons fastening each cuff. At the moment, the shirt is to order in white only at $45 . . . plans are to stock it in pastel colours come spring. . . .



RAND

Back on our side of the Atlantic, the turtleneck sweater is now the only alternative to the tie . . . better suited to today than the open shirt and ascot, and better in line than the polo shirt. . . . If you like the look of a scarf, why not try knotting a silk scarf around the throat of a ***white cotton lisle*** turtleneck as French racing drivers do. The important thing is knowing what to look for —the points of the perfect turtleneck: To begin with, the collar must fit snug and as close to the chin as possible . . . there must be absolutely no suggestion of a fold or crease at the collarbone . . . the collar should be deep enough to fold over and cover the neck seam completely. . . . Up till now, it hasn't been easy to find a turtleneck here in the States that met all these requirements. Suddenly there are lots of good ones to select from . . . ***cranberry-coloured Shetland wool,*** far left below, with a good high neck, raglan sleeves. By Pringle, $15 at Bonwit Teller. The ***white cotton lisle*** turtleneck, below centre, that everyone wants for year-round wear. Made by Skrr, it's $6.75 at the Stagg Ltd., Worth Avenue in Palm Beach. The ***pale-blue virgin wool,*** below right, is designed in Paris by couturier Philippe Venet; it has a whole new look thanks to the close-fitting ribbing up to the rib cage, and a very high, ribbed knit collar. This is in the men's shop at Bonwit Teller and costs about $40. . . . The ***camel-colour cashmere*** sweater, far right, is from Brooks Brothers. $40. Also available in blue and yellow. In case even cashmere feels a bit rough on a shave-sensitive neck, try Battaglia's turtleneck knitted in Italy on hosiery looms, in the thinnest possible wool for the effect of silk. It costs $27.50 and comes in twenty-five colours at Battaglia, New York and Beverly Hills.





JACK ROBINSON





Bert Stern

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VOGUE's

EYE VIEW: WHAT'S UP WITH LEGS AND FEET



What's up—all the way up, up to the thigh—is colour. Colour on the foot. Colour on the leg. Colour by day. Colour by night. Colour in fair weather. Colour in foul....It's been coming for a long, long time. Now it's here: no more the shyly shod foot and the anonymously stockinged leg—as of spring 1967, as of this issue of Vogue, colour gets off the ground. Really takes off, above, in a square-toed, flat-heeled, wraparound boot of the most delectably crushy leather...in raspberry with glisteny, textury, lights-on pink stockings...in white with heavy, nubbly white tights. Boots from Finland, designed by Palmroth for I. Miller, New York; about $50. The legs, all dressed by Belle-Sharmeer; at Lord & Taylor....Next flight of colour, warming up now, page 102.

AVEDON

VANESSA REDGRAVE

THE NOW
AND
FUTURE
STAR

VANESSA REDGRAVE

CAMELOT'S NEW HIGH-SPIRITED GUENEVERE... NO ONE HAS HER RANGE BUT GARBO

Perhaps no star would have been like Vanessa Redgrave before the 1960's. For one thing, it's unlikely that any actress playing heroines would have had that magnificent length of leg—she is, in fact and flesh, all of the five-feet-eleven inches the press reports. In leotards and a mini-dress—which she wears to and from the movie set of *Camelot*, now shooting in California—she looks enchanting and modern, and, at the same time, distinguished. When you meet her, you know you must never again use the word "beauty" without measuring its meaning. After *Blow-Up* a young English professor said fervidly, "She has the most aristocratic vertebrae I've ever seen." A startling tribute, but characteristic of many normally articulate admirers who grope for superlatives when they find with astonished delight that they have discovered a star and not a starlet.

The one thing Vanessa Redgrave would never have been is a starlet; aside from the fact that it probably would never have crossed her mind, her looks have a purity, now often matched to Garbo's, that rules out everything but greatness—the spare sculpture of the face, the intelligent length of nose, the warm, remote, myopic eyes shadowed by a careless tumble of fair hair—and especially the slender, very female body, round and gloriously attenuated.

Trained in the tradition of a British theatrical dynasty—her father is Sir (Continued on page 74)

THE GIRL OF THE HOUR, THE FASHION OF TODAY— VANESSA REDGRAVE IN THE LEOTARD . . . HERE, WITH DIRNDL, CHAINS . . . AND A NEW STAR-MAKEUP

Left: Shock-print leotard, bounce of green dirndl. By Ginori. Skirt of Rochambeau wool loomed in America, about $45. Ban-Lon leotard of Chemstrand nylon (Robaix fabric), about $30. House of Joy chains. All: Henri Bendel. Turnout: Woodward & Lothrop; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Omega watch. Jacoby-Bender watchband. *Right:* Nucci earrings, Henri Bendel. Miss Redgrave's makeup throughout, by Warner Bros., who will launch a new line of real-pro cosmetics this spring. On these pages: Warner Wonder Moisturizer plus Warner Color Professional Make-Up #3 and Box Office Melon lipstick; Warner Eyes: Eye Pencil Brow & Liner Duo in dark brown.

BERT STERN

BERT STERN

VANESSA REDGRAVE: "I ADORE BEING ON STAGE EVERY MINUTE"

VANESSA REDGRAVE

(Continued from page 70) Michael Redgrave; her mother, the actress Rachel Kempson; her brother, Corin Redgrave seen here in *A Man for All Seasons;* and her sister Lynn Redgrave of *Georgy Girl*—she acquired all the skills and disciplines early. When Los Angeles TV followed the recent Ronald Reagan film festival with Vanessa as Rosalind in Stratford-on-Avon's production of *As You Like It,* though the picture was fuzzy, the full quality of the voice came through very much as it is now—clear and sweet, with a lovely mystery, a seldom and affecting huskiness.

Well before *Morgan,* when the stardust splashed suddenly all around her, Vanessa Redgrave knew her craft. After *Morgan,* she admits, "One was getting a lot of offers."

Her own flash of self-knowledge came much earlier during her first play in London, *A Touch of the Sun,* in which she had the rôle of Michael Redgrave's daughter. "Suddenly I *knew* this was something I could do. . . . That was a very warm feeling." Then laughing, "These things do come in waves, *blessedly.*"

Among the later waves were the realization that "in the cinema today (Continued on next page)

THE LEOTARD: PRISM GREENS UNDER DIAMANTÉ VINYL . . . NEON VIOLETS TAKE A TUNIC

Left: Rhinestone-studded coat of Comark vinyl; Ban-Lon leotard to order, of Chemstrand nylon (Robaix fabric). Both by Oscar de la Renta for Jane Derby. Saks Fifth Avenue; Gidding-Jenny; Neiman-Marcus. Nucci earrings. Maison de Fou bracelets.
Right: Leotard idea—silk tunic and tights by Ferro for Ferro Ettehadieh. About $200. Mimi di N bracelets.
All: Bonwit Teller. Turnout: Harzfeld's; Montaldo's. Miriam Haskell necklace.

BERT STERN



VANESSA REDGRAVE

anything is possible; in the theatre it's not. Yet everyone needs the discipline of the theatre. In ballet, for instance, there's always someone to say, 'we'll do it *again*—even if we don't want to.' In films very few people ask more of you than you ask of yourself.

"In the theatre you must think more of others than you do of yourself; otherwise, you're a bad merchant, you're delivering shoddy goods."

Last spring in the London theatre, as the star of *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*, she proved both a good merchant and a superb actress. *Morgan* had just established her for the first time as sexy—a surprise to the world which she seems to regard with only moderately polite amusement—when she was plunged into the rigours of Jean Brodie, a repressed Scots schoolmistress who had tropical moments but conformed to a chilly exterior. Though *Brodie* was a hit, the thrill is gone. "Sometimes a part imprisons you. (Continued on page 147)



BERT STERN

THE LEOTARD: SKIRTED IN SUÈDE... DRESSED IN PLAID

Opposite: Bright-brown suède dirndl bounced over a ribbed navy leotard with a turtleneck: Ginori dirndl, about $65. Chemstrand nylon leotard (Stretch Fabrics) by Lollipop, about $13. Chain necklace: Saint Laurent for Colony. All: Bloomingdale's. Skirt and leotard: Famous-Barr. House of Joy chain belt.

This page: Leotard look—mad-plaid smalldress and matching legs, glimpsed in colour on page 71. Oscar de la Renta Boutique, of Caprolan nylon (Carjer Looms fabric). Dress, about $60; stockings, about $15. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Hudson's; Sakowitz. Nucci earrings: Henri Bendel. Bracelet, left, by Michael Hic. Bracelet, right, Mimi di N. (We added all the crushy little matching boots on these pages.)



THE LEOTARD: THE LONGEST LEGS FOR THE SHORTEST COATS

Left: Back-closed black vinyl coat welted down the front. By Anne Fogarty; Comark vinyl. About $55. Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Hudson's.

Right: Tabbed ivory over-the-head coat by Modelia. This, part of a wool mark pants suit, in fabric bonded by Coin. About $145. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Neiman-Marcus.

Shown twice: zigzag leotard of pink-orange-violet Acrilon (Electro-Knit fabric), $35. To order at Capezio. Miss Redgrave's coiffures these twelve pages, by Carrie White of Beverly Hills

BERT STERN

VANESSA
REDGRAVE





THE PRETTIEST WAY TO LOOK



It's prettiness all the way now. In clothes with a softer, springier kind of snap. In the trimmest checks, cleanest colourings, adorable shapes. In ensemble ideas here: dress with a quick little coat, and the new chopped-jacket suit with a big fast-moving skirt. **Tattersalls, face to face,** left. Red, white, and navy checked wool for a sleeveless dress with vertical pockets, for the lining of a navy coat with small collar, narrow sleeves. A wool mark turnout by Abe Schrader; about $145. Castlecliff earrings. Julianelli Corfam shoes. All, at Lord & Taylor. Coat and dress: Jordan Marsh, Boston; Julius Garfinckel; Joseph Magnin. Gloves by Hansen. Hudson stockings. Adolfo hat. **The small-jacket suit,** right—a trailblazer for this year's prettiness. Open neck, bands at waist and cuffs; a wide skirt with deep box pleats, lots of bounce. Red, white, and blue checks; a bow-tied red silk blouse. By Barberini, of Couleur wool-and-rayon; about $145. K. J. L. earrings. Hansen gloves. Calderon shoulder bag. All, at Bloomingdale's. Suit: Wanamaker's, Phila.; Bramson. Hudson knee socks. Golo shoes. Wig by Kenneth. Coiffure by Maury of Kenneth.

BERT STERN





THE PRETTIEST WAY TO LOOK

The prettiest looks in two pieces...in navy and white, left: White windowpane checks, sharply drawn on navy-blue wool...the two-piece dress with a middy-blouse collar, wide open over a set-in dickey of fresh white grosgrain; slit-pocket skirt. By Pattullo-Jo Copeland, in wool. De Pinna; Halle Bros.; Frost Bros. Castlecliff earrings. Bag: La Bagagerie. Shalimar gloves. Hudson stockings. **The two-piece dress in jade-green wool,** right: Loose top with back fullness, baby cap sleeves, soft little roll of collar...gleam of gilt buttons...easy skirt, slit pockets. By Pattullo-Jo Copeland, in Racine wool jersey. About $250. Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. Phoenix stockings. Hats, on both pages, by Anello for Emme.



THE PRETTIEST WAY TO LOOK

White vinyl coat on the zippy side, left: Big zipper tracking down white vinyl from collar to hem—big aside for spring rain and shine. Coat by Ginala; Comark vinyl. About $65. At Bonwit Teller. Napier earrings. Therese Ahrens vinyl cap. Kayser gloves. Dior-Paris knee socks. Golo shoes. Wig by Kenneth. **Double-faced take in purple-green plaid and green,** opposite: Plaid faces green, green faces plaid—double-take on high-curved jacket, high-waisted dress. Turnout by Fabiani for Feder; Orlon, wool, nylon (Nattier fabric). K. J. L. earrings. All, Bergdorf Goodman. Turnout, also Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Van Raalte gloves. Suga of Kenneth coiffure.





Lime-green linen suit-dress, left: Deliciously pale colour lets loose from a mandarin collar—sleeves going wide, jacket going wide, over a dress with a wide inverted pleat. Suit-dress in Orceyre linen and bonnet, by Gustave Tassell. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Rich's; I. Magnin. Fake pearl bracelets by Castlecliff at Lord & Taylor; green bracelets by De Nicola. **Apple-green chiffon evening dress,** opposite: This spring's softest night fall—a drifting flow from a pointed kerchief. By Wilson Folmar, in Syntex silk. About $160. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Woodward & Lothrop; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus. Richelieu earrings. Jewelled sandals by Bernardo. Coiffure by Pierre Henri of Saks Fifth Avenue.

THE PRETTIEST WAY TO LOOK

BERT STERN





Light-over-light turnout, opposite: Sky blue faced by clear yellow matching the dress beneath—spring-light colour in spring-light wool. Double-faced cardigan coat and sleeveless dress by the Thoroughbred Collection. K.J.L. earrings. All, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Turnout, also at Halle Bros.; Frost Bros.; Frederick & Nelson. White cross-stitched stockings by Van Raalte. **Grey-orange-white mini-checks,** right, sizing up tweed's prettiest look this spring—a short snap of a wool suit just short of the knee. By Davidow. About $160. Monet earrings. All, at Lord & Taylor. Suit, also at L.S. Ayres; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Hudson stockings: Altman's. Golo shoes. Both coiffures by Suga of Kenneth.

BERT STERN

THE PRETTIEST WAY TO LOOK

THE PRETTIEST WAY TO LOOK

Prettiest tailoring in navy—a wonderful coat, left, for wherever spring happens. In the strict little shape that slants out from small shoulders, with touches of the military: an officer's collar with deep notches, high revers, double-breasted in white buttons. By Ben Zuckerman, of navy-blue Anglo wool. K.J.L. earrings. All, at Saks Fifth Avenue. The coat, also at Harzfeld's; Neusteters; Neiman-Marcus. **The perfect navy suit,** right, with a tailor's special kind of composure—small turnover collar, white buttons spotted around, and a skirt with the marvellous move of a front panel. By Ben Zuckerman, of navy-blue Anglo wool. At Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Emily Wetherby white cloqué scarf and Crescendoe-Superb gloves, at Lord & Taylor. Big button earrings: Royal of Pittsburgh. Both pages: Adolfo's white kid clap-on hat.

BERT STERN



The two-piece dress, wrap it up, left: white overblouse and navy-blue skirt, both wrapped to the side and held close by a white leather tape. Vogue Pattern 1671, designed by Nina Ricci. Checkerboard Richelieu earrings, Ruza Creations bracelets: Altman's. Adler stockings of Orlon and stretch nylon: Bloomingdale's. **Navy on top, white below,** wrapped and tied, right: a one-piece dress with the look of two. Vogue Pattern 1676, designed by Elio Berhanyer. Sandor Goldberger earrings and K.J.L. necklace, at Altman's. Roman Stripe knee socks: Best & Co. Both pages: Fibranne-and-silk fabric by Stehli: Altman's. Van Raalte gloves: Bloomingdale's. Hats by Anello for Emme. Other views, sizes and yardages, on page 154.

VOGUE PATTERN 1671

BERT STERN

VOGUE PATTERNS:
THE
PRETTIEST
WAY
TO LOOK

VOGUE PATTERN 1676

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The acerbated pressure points in the relationship between Congress and the President. . . . The way the Russians have taken over the word escalate into their language: It is *eskalazia*. . . . "Wild Thing," an amusing record in which Bill Minkin does a twangy, sharp take-out on Senator Robert Kennedy. . . . The dry complexities of the movie *The Night of the Generals*, with Peter O'Toole as a German general, looking strangely like a 1930's window dummy, but giving a taut, spooky performance in a film that makes despicable murder and high treason interesting but curiously undramatic. . . . Shmuel Y. Agnon, the great Hebrew writer and the 1966 joint winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature, whose newly translated *Two Tales* are the work of a storyteller who wraps his characters in semi-magic, gives one of them enigmatic hallucinations.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . In Rome, the crackly comedy *Ti Ho Sposato per Allegria* (I Married You for Gaiety) has Adriana Asti as its enchanting reason why a man marries a girl because she amuses him and then remains amused; the playwright is Natalia Ginzburg, whose fame in Italy rises like soda bread and whose autobiography, just published in America by E. P. Dutton as *Family Sayings*, is singularly moving, cool, and wasteless.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Per Oscarsson, Bibi Andersson, and Jarl Kulle, all throwing away their subtleties in the new useless Swedish film *My Sister, My Love*, another incest thing in which the physical details are no more necessary than onstage autopsies in *Hamlet*. . . . The swirl and beat of the "Musicals of the 1930s" in the new exhibition done up in black, chrome, and magenta, with "surprise pink" spotlights at the Museum of the City of New York in which the Depression musicals are recalled through photographs, costumes, sheet music, the sound of taped songs, and the flotsam of the flops; the musicals then were a wild lavish dream of bales of feathers and barrels of sequins.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . In Paris, the missing hits by French playwrights in Paris theatres where the successes this season are British or American unless they are by Weiss, Brecht, Pirandello, or Gogol, or by Ionesco whose new play, *The King Is Dead*, is a superb, harrowing, nostalgic meditation on the death of Everyman; a French hit exception: Françoise Sagan's play *Le Cheval Évanoui*. . . . The shoot, within weeks, to the French best-seller list of the second volume of the Proust biography by the brilliant, elusively shy George D. Painter, a slow, precise scholar who has spent the last eighteen years largely among the moth-coloured books of the British Museum and plans to spend the next eighteen years in the Museum to write his book on the life of Chateaubriand. . . . Serge Gainsbourg, who at thirty-eight looks like a lean, sad, and sarcastic wolf, and writes songs for the right people: Brigitte Bardot, Petula Clark, Régina. Les Frères Jacques, Mireille Darc, Juliette Greco, Anna Karina, Jeanne Moreau, Elsa Martinelli. . . . The mob appeal of the movie *La Grande Vadrouille* (The Great Spree), with two funny men, Bourvil and Louis de Funès, playing a house painter and an orchestra conductor embroiled with three English parachutists during the Occupation; *Spree* was directed by Gérard Oudry, who approaches laughter as if it were a science, taking immense pains, spending lots of money, leaving nothing to chance, and making it all pay.

DAVID HEMMINGS

The man-eyed, boy-mouthed hero of Antonioni's illusive film *Blow-Up*, David Hemmings gets around like a magnetized Super Ball. He pounces. He attracts. Right now this twenty-five-year-old Englishman has jumped on California, where he is playing Mordred in the movie of *Camelot*, and California sticks all over him. After a month there he started writing a book on Los Angeles: "In ten years it will probably be what London is now, a centre for all the arts." With Vanessa Redgrave, *Camelot's* Guenevere, he is bowled by the scale of the University of California at Los Angeles. With Dennis Hopper, whom he met when Hopper took the photograph, *right*, in a billboard factory, David Hemmings hustled up an exhibition, "Los Angeles Primer," now at the Ferus/Pace Gallery with photographs by both Hemmings and Hopper of the city, and of objects and buildings which they simply signed where they found them, thus transmuting all of the Foster and Kleiser Billboard Company, for example, into found art by the single step of recognition. . . . That's starters for a young man who has been a child actor, a boy soprano, a sidewalk artist, and a cabaret singer; who writes, paints, races Formula III cars, climbs mountains, and can act sin into sweetness without missing the beat. Smallish, solid, fair, with wow-blue eyes, David Hemmings blows energy the way other people blow hot air. Recently, bursting upon a luncheon in Vanessa Redgrave's dressing room on the Warner Brothers lot, his arms loaded with wines (California, of course), he announced, "Never fear, dear. Hemmings is here." And how.

DENNIS HOPPER



CECIL BEATON

DR. AND MRS. JAMES M. HESTER

A surging, compelling couple, Dr. and Mrs. Hester centre their lives around New York University where he is president of the biggest independent, private university in this country. In the five years that this forty-two-year-old man has occupied the cream-coloured, stately presidential office, with its portraits of earlier New York University notables, Albert Gallatin and Samuel F. B. Morse, Dr. Hester has dynamited the University, added to its endowments, started a three-year drive for $100,000,000, increased the number of scholarships for its 41,000 students, asked Philip Johnson to design for the Washington Square campus the world's largest open-stack library with seats for almost 5,000 readers, roused and increased the faculty at the University's five centres that lie from Wall Street to University Heights. When colleges and universities take on presidents, they take on the wives. Mrs. Hester, a distinctive, pretty woman, with blue eyes and an intense but not nervous manner, and Dr. Hester live in a penthouse duplex with their three young daughters—it is a comfortable, chintz, informal house. In his mobile career, Dr. Hester, a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Princeton with an Oxford doctorate, served twice with the Marines, in World War II and again during the Korean War. (He is a Rhodes Scholar.) In 1960 he came to N.Y.U. as Executive Dean of Arts and Science and Dean of the Graduate School of Arts and Science, becoming president in 1962. These days Dr. Hester is on the boards of almost thirty organizations, including the Board of Trustees of Princeton University, the directorate of Union Carbide, and the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. As an administrator, he intertwines money and scholarship, for a happy faculty needs an immense amount of each.

MRS. NELSON A. ROCKEFELLER

Astonished, easy, interested, informal, Mrs. Rockefeller is the wife of the astonishing, powerful, and informal Governor of New York who is now serving his third term. Both the Governor and Mrs. Rockefeller possess that invaluable quality, fizz, but hers is far more controlled than his. A fascinated listener rather than a talker, she rarely gives interviews, is often, however, on public view at county fairs, Republican receptions, and campaigning. Whenever she and the press come face to face, she is guarded by the Rockefeller press shepherds who gently cushion her. No one shepherds the Governor who ecstatically jumps on newspapermen like a Dalmatian, giving happy yelps. Thoroughly American with no trace of the international flip set, Mrs. Rockefeller numbers among her ancestors two great figures: Jonathan Dickinson who founded Princeton in 1746 and was its first president, and General George Meade, her great-grandfather, who commanded the Union Army at the Battle of Gettysburg. Their descendant is an attractive woman, interested in clothes, in history, books, and the world, a woman of enjoyment, openly expressed.

BRUCE DAVIDSON



FATIGUE:

Fatigue and low backache are the two most common complaints that doctors hear, and about which they are the most helpless. The first point about true fatigue, not simple, short-term tiredness, is to remember that the way to deal with it is primarily as a medical matter. Not all people who are even medically semi-sophisticated know that. Before fatigue gets beyond tiredness, there are some ways to prevent deep fatigue: enough fresh air, enough rest, exercising regularly to keep in condition, keeping mentally alive, keeping spiritually alive, and getting shots of vitamin B-12 from your doctor. But these are for the tired. For the more complicated fatigue, however, these methods are too mild. Not everyone knows that many physicians divide fatigue—not the fatigue that is one of the symptoms of a disease or the result of surgery —into two parts, cumulative and chronic fatigue.

In cumulative fatigue, the tired person can handle normal routine but in a demanding situation can not call up reserve strength. In chronic fatigue, usually a neurotic state, the tired person is often able to do the work but is psychologically unwilling to do the work.

Two psychiatrists said in effect: "About ninety-five per cent of fatigue in people who are physically well is psychological, a fact which many people find difficult to accept. Until you know you have a problem, you can not really solve it. People just get tired of fighting their conflicts. Fatigue is then a defense mechanism. Not doing what you actually want to do for a long time helps cause fatigue. Housewives and mothers of small children often have the kind of fatigue that is really just another way of saying they are bored with what they are doing. Boredom is exhausting. *Living in a child's world for many days for many women is mentally tiring. Just keeping up with a four-year-old is physically tiring. The repetition of the same, somewhat mechanical, duties—as in the daily cleaning of the house—can be fatiguing. What to do less drastically than going to a psychiatrist: The answer for some women is to get out of the house for part of the day, to turn the children over to someone for part of the day, or to get a part-time job or a part-time volunteer job. Then mother and child meet again somewhat refreshed; woman and dishes are not fighting."*

Dr. E. Lovell Becker, an internist who is director of clinical research at New York's New York Hospital and an authority on high-altitude fatigue, talked about sea-level fatigue: "If no physical causes of fatigue are present, then the *tired ones should change their life situation,* if possible. People don't realize how fatiguing their amusements may be. Cocktail parties, for example. Many people have only about a dollar's worth of small talk. When their small talk is exhausted, so are they. They are not nervous, just pooped. They have run out of gas, get irritable, are on their way, perhaps, to chronic fatigue. Others find that they can not handle the tension of their lives and that that sometimes leads to anxiety and depression with a full-blown case of chronic fatigue. Those patients may need an enlightened psychiatrist, fitting together the patient and the psychiatrist. People get tired sometimes through their work *drive,* not the work itself. What to do: Such people must get rid of the feeling that they are indispensable either to their families or their jobs. Most of us are quite dispensable.

Dr. Raymond D. Adams, Bullard Professor of Neuropathology, Harvard Medical School and author with five collaborators of the 1966 book *Principles of Internal Medicine,* wrote that fatigue shows the presence of changes in the physiologic balance of the body, that fatigue may be a warning: "The purpose of fatigue may be regarded as self-preservation, not merely as a protection against physical injury but also to preserve the individual's self-esteem. . . ." What to do: "Optimism or enthusiasm," wrote Dr. Adams, "for a new enterprise dispels fatigue."

Tension is the commonest cause of fatigue—tension that comes from unresolved conflicts. What to do: face up to the conflict and resolve it or face up to the positive acceptance of the impossibility of resolving the conflict. It is tiring, however, to accept and then to resent it.

MANY PEOPLE CAN ENJOY SEX EVEN IF TIRED, FOR THEY ARE BUOYED. MANY PEOPLE CAN NOT ENJOY SEX IF FATIGUED, FOR TRUE FATIGUE CAN CAUSE IMPOTENCE.

VOGUE, February 15, 1967

WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT . . .

BY ALLENE TALMEY

Dr. Hartman of the School of Aerospace Medicine, wrote that cumulative fatigue is the result of not enough recovery from successive periods of acute fatigue, and that "in sleep research, for example, subjects require at least *three* nights to adapt to the laboratory sleeping environment." He added that subjects report and focus on a number of bodily complaints with little physical evidence, that the men frequently show signs of tension headache, and that they frequently bicker, and the number of complaints rises. "In field studies, my research group has generally found that complaints about excessive fatigue build up when airport managers and ground support personnel serve the pilot inadequately." This research applies as well to people who are not flyers. Such men and women with excessive fatigue can not cope with secretaries, grocers, servants, and saleswomen with the normal contacts. What to do: The answer is so simple that people do not think of it. Sleep. Wonderful sleep, even if induced temporarily by sleeping pills, given only on doctors' orders.

Fatigue at its deepest point turns off your mind.

Dr. Adams wrote this about the chronic fatiguers: "The fatigue is frequently worse in the morning. The patient often desires to lie down but finds himself unable to sleep when he does. The feeling of fatigue relates more to some activities than to others; at times certain affairs are prosecuted with great vigour; while even the thought of other activities completely exhausts the patient. . . . The individual's capacity for sustained mental effort, as in solving problems or carrying on a difficult conversation, is impaired."

Bryce O. Hartman, Ph.D., of the Psychobiology Section of the Biodynamics Branch of the School of Aerospace Medicine, USAF, at Brooks Air Force Base, Texas, talked of fatigue studies on flyers, studies that are in many ways applicable to men and women leading their normal lives. "No occupational group pays more attention to fatigue than aviators. . . ." After a pilot has worked more than twenty hours in a twenty-four-hour flight, substantial changes in effectiveness are shown. The men are less efficient in instrument approaches and landings. Among the situational factors are "the metabolic clock effects generated by flying through several time zones. . . . I estimate from a series of studies done on workload 'stress' that the average man works efficiently and comfortably at half his maximum capacity half the time." In addition to not getting too tired as in nursing a sick child for days and nights, the mother-nurse should perhaps work and rest in four-hour cycles—that is the usual Navy Way.

"CHRONIC FATIGUE, LIKE THE ANXIETY FROM WHICH IT DERIVES, IS A DANGER SIGNAL THAT SOMETHING IS WRONG; SOME ACTIVITY OR ATTITUDE HAS BEEN PERSISTED IN TOO INTENSELY OR TOO LONG."

Dr. Paul Hunsicker, Professor of Physical Education at the University of Michigan and an expert in the cause of physical fitness, said: "When training men who must not get tired easily—men like parachutists and frogmen—it is axiomatic that at first they all get fatigued, physically tired. To get over that fatigue there are three equal weapons: food, rest, and exercise. If people out of training are fatigued without apparent cause, the answer may be that they are not getting a full and balanced diet of carbohydrates, fats, and proteins; that they are not getting the right amount of rest; and that they are not getting the right amount of exercise."

Dr. Frederic F. Flach, attending psychiatrist of the Payne Whitney Clinic of The New York Hospital and Associate Professor of Psychiatry at the Cornell University Medical College, said: "Fatigue may be a way of getting out of doing certain obligations. Fatigue is also a frequent symptom of depression. Many women get their fulfillment mainly through their husbands, but when the fulfillment eases up or ceases, fatigue takes over—mildly or deeply. The woman is then in conflict either within herself or with her husband. (Hostility and sexual maladjustment come in.) What to do: First, identify the sources of the conflict, if possible. If fatigue seems to arrive when the husband goes to work in the morning and the children leave for school but the fatigue disappears when they return, the cause may be loneliness, and the woman should get out, doing perhaps some voluntary work for some of those lonely hours. Second, there should be more communication within the family—constructively discussing what is important. Too many people avoid this kind of communication. Of course, many people can not deal with their conflicts and need expert help. Note: *Some people have carefully organized a way of suffering; they have a concept of themselves as martyrs, inwardly and perhaps unconsciously saying, 'Look what I have given up.' They have accepted the rôle of martyr, and that leads them straight toward fatigue. (The more chronic the fatigue, the less doctors can do to alleviate it.) Marked fatigue is primarily a faulty way of handling a situation."*

TWIGGY—PRÊTE À PORTER

Twiggy—the willowy shoot of seventeen who has just sprouted under the camera's hot lights—is really Leslie Hornby and she grew up, up, up, to her willow-twig height in England; now she is *prête à porter* all the French Boutique dash... Mango-orange wool suit-dress, left: The colour's ripe, the lines pruned and pared—to a snappy little not-to-be-buttoned jacket, opening wide on a pleat-kicked sleeveless dress. Collarless suit-dress, in Nattier wool, from the Nina Ricci Boutique. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Ricci Breton roller.

Cow-puncher's punch-suit, right: Black shiny jacket, black shiny pants—hipped on a silvery turtleneck pull. Bluejean-stitched pants-suit, in acetate; pull woven with Lurex threads. By MicMac of St. Tropez. Bergdorf Goodman's Boutique.

Silvery mini-this and mini-that, far right: Wide cuffed halter at the mini-top and—with a brief pause at the waist—wide belt at the mini-skirt, slashed over trunks. In short, mini-everything taking a real shine to the place where it was designed—by MicMac of St. Tropez, in Helanca nylon and Lurex threads (Bucol fabric). At Bergdorf Goodman's Boutique. Coiffure by Leonard of London.

DAVID BAILEY







NEWS FOR LEGS AND FEET— COLOUR GETS OFF THE GROUND

Spring 1967: New heights of boots....New shapes of shoes....New era of colour for legs and feet. Boots wrapped round the ankle; cut short at the anklebone; cut out at the instep for a bright show of stocking. Shoes flat to the ground with softly squared or rounded toes, straight sides, straight heels, heels with a new lift. Legs in a match of pure colour, matchless white, or a vivid clash. There has never been such a chromatic carnival for legs and feet... going thigh-in-the-sky high on these pages. Leaping across this one: the crystal-buckled pump—shining in a reddish tone of marron with Van Raalte's metallic pink-shimmer stocking and gleaming in silver with Ariadne's silver lace. Charles Jourdan shoes. $40. Taking off on gold-and-silver heels, opposite: cross-ankle sandals legging it up with Bewitching's silver-glitter tights. Shoes by Albanese for Martinique. $35. Additional information on page 151.

AVEDON



COLOUR GETS OFF THE GROUND

Colour on the rise—bright leg, white leg; flat-out pump, cutout boot....Above: the perfect pump with flattened U-toe and straight sides in a reddish tone of marron—once with grape stockings (Finesse by Stevens), once with ribbed white (Van Raalte). Silvia of Fiorentina shoes. $39. Opposite: the in-step-out boot—hot pink zinged with orange, purple with green, over wide-and-narrow ribbed panty stockings to match (Hudson). Mid-calf boots by Nina. $25. More information, page 151.

AVEDON





COLOUR GETS OFF THE GROUND

Colour leaps foot first and races left: the mini-buckled pump—icing the foot in white over ice-white knit by Hanes; in bitter-chocolate over bright brown ribbed stockings (Givenchy by Chadbourn Gotham). I. Miller shoes. $36.



Shoe-shine-pump and matching flash of leg give colour a spin to the right—reddish brown glistening over reddish-brown ribbed Belle-Sharmeer tights; acid green over celery-stalk-yellow stockings (Finesse by Stevens) ; white Corfam over white Phoenix stockings; orange over tangerine Roman Stripe stockings. Julianelli shoes. $38. More information on page 151.



COLOUR GETS OFF THE GROUND

Colour goes spree—in clickety clashes. Feet go whee in flat-out loafers, ankle-bone boots. Whee-spreeing it on the opposite page: the metal-studded loafer takes a high shine to ribbed knee socks—bright red with chrome yellow, bright white with chrome green. Bonnie Doon knee socks. Golo loafers with flat squared toes and flat stacked leather heels. $16. Leaping overhead on this page: the anklebone boot in a double caper—chrome yellow laced over peacock-blue tights, brown over brown-and-black tiger-print tights. Capezio tights. Golo boots, $15. More information on page 151

AVEDON



Wild times tonight . . . wild colours, wild creatures . . . wildly captivating animal prints to unleash for spring. Four wild pages, starting here. Cheetahs stalk, left, across a violet veldt—homing pyjamas flung far and wide from a halter neck. By Gerald Pierce for Boul Mich; Caprolan nylon (Jack Lenor Larsen for Ja-el Fabrics). About $90. Saks Fifth Avenue; Sakowitz; Frederick & Nelson. Monkeys swing, right, through a tangle of violet and greenery—swingy one-shouldered dress slashed open over a matching under-dress. By Leo Narducci for Guy D.; Dacron surah (Jacques Maisch design for Klopman). About $40. Bonwit Teller; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin. Hudson stockings.

GO WILD
IN ANIMAL PRINTS

BERT STERN



BERT STERN

Naked shoulders, leopards on a band, left: a small, strapless, leopardy dress turned loose over wild stockings in poison-dart green. By Gayle Kirkpatrick for Atelier; Dacron surah (Jacques Maisch design for Klopman). About $45. Monet necklaces. Hanes stockings. All: Bonwit Teller. Dress, also at Rich's; Hudson's; Sakowitz. Jungle cats in seething colour, right, tearing around an extended T-shirt—one right response to the call of the wild. By Junior Sophisticates, with a tiny turtleneck, tiny sleeves. Of Maxwell silk surah. About $65. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Gidding-Jenny. Smidge of giraffe, above: a tiny chemise hung up on string-thin straps. By Chevette, of Dacron surah (Jacques Maisch design for Klopman). About $17. At Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz. Both pages: Smith St. Jacques bracelets. On all four pages: red and green scatter-domes by Lilija; sandals by Evins; the coiffures by Ara Gallant; wigs by Tovar-Tresses.

KNITS IN THE AIR

8 PAGES OF LIVELY KNITS– ALL JUMPING IN ANTIGUA

Up with the limberest, brightest knits—here, at Half Moon Bay with one of a team of carnival clowns. Far left, two pieces in peppery colours—bright pink, orange. Long-sleeved top, striped, about $7; pleated pink knit skirt, about $12. Both, Sportmaker by Maidenform, of Acrilan. At Bloomingdale's; Rich's; Joseph Magnin. Laguna earrings. K. J. L. bracelets. Right, a snug sweater and small A-skirt of blazing yellow edged in rows of bright pink and blue. By Viola Sylbert for Albert Alfus, of purl-knitted wool; about $35. At Bloomingdale's; Woodward & Lothrop; Famous-Barr; Sanger-Harris. Michael Hic earrings. Both coiffures: Maury of Kenneth.



KNITS IN THE AIR

Playing the wading game in Antigua, *left*, a knitted silk sun dress of deep coral with bands of green and violet around the pointed-up neckline, straps, and pleated skirt—stitched to keep pleats seaworthy. By Avagolf; about $185. At Bergdorf Goodman; Stanley Korshak; I. Magnin. Earrings and bracelet by Regina. Jumping, *below*, while the clown rests—stripes of blue, pink, yellow, down the front of a white knitted wool dress with a high-waisted band, more stitched pleats. By Gino Paoli; about $80. At Best & Co.; Woodward & Lothrop; Gus Mayer; Montaldo's. Jewellery by Napier. Hat by Emme.



DE ROSNAY

KNITS IN THE AIR

Ondining up from the sea, *below*, a two-piece dress of white wool with tennis touches—pullover with high V-neck, small sleeves; a tiny sea-level skirt with pleats, red and blue stripes. By Francesca for Damon; about $75. At Best & Co.: Hudson's: Woolf Brothers. White bangles by Cadoro. *Opposite:* A dancing dress for sprites, of glossy yellow knit—here, at Morris Bay, Antigua. The long skirt, slashed twice to the waist showing, in a breeze, yellow bikini pants. Thin straps cross over a bare back. **By Betsey Johnson for Paraphernalia, knitted of Helanca** stretch nylon. About $10. Earrings by Jane Bolles.

DE ROSNAY





DE ROSNAY

KNITS IN THE AI

Above: Pulling the sails on the beach of Half Moon Bay, a navy-and-white dress of knitted pinstripes with a small yok
long sleeves, bias body. By Betty Carol for Mam'selle, junior sizes of Celanese acetate (Winston Mills) ; about $40. Brac
lets by Cadoro and K. J. L. All at Lord & Taylor. Dress, also at Halle Bros.; Frost Bros. Cloche by Emme. *Directly lef*
Black-and-white chevron stripes on a crinkly-knit shift with V-neck. By Emery Knits, of Herdmans linen and Arnel,
junior sizes. About $35. K.J.L. bracelets. All, at Lord & Taylor. Dress, also at J. W. Robinson. Smith St. Jacques earring



Upper left: Knitted wool turtleneck shift, mostly white, with strong black stripes across the top. By Edlo; about $50. At Altman's; Rich's. Napier bracelets. Emme cartwheel. *This page, left:* Two-piece dress—a long top and short bounce-pleated skirt, both white banded in navy. By Gerald Pierce for Marberni; of knitted Tycora acrylic. About $50. At De Pinna; Marshall Field. Napier bracelet worn as an anklet. *Above:* Wool knit dress, black and white uneven stripes. By Amalfi; about $60. At Splendiferous; Bullock's, Downtown, Cadoro bracelets at Lord & Taylor. Smith St. Jacques earrings.

KNITS IN THE AIR

About to be netted by a Parham Harbour fisherman, *below*, a little dress all ribs and stripes of pink and yellow. By Alberoy, of Orlon; about $16 at Bonwit Teller; Burdine's; Joseph Magnin. Laguna earrings K. J. L. and Monet bracelets. Sandals made in Greece for I. Miller Galleria. Yellow ribbed wool knit, *upper left*, two-piece, stitches worked into bands on the turtleneck top. By Cadillac; about $65 at Best & Co.; Frederick & Nelson. K. J. L. bracelet. Napier belt. Monet necklace worn in the hair. Knitted wool dress with V-shaped ribs, *opposite*, in palest pink—the fisherman here, untangling his net. By Cisa; about $125. Napier belt. All at Bergdorf Goodman. Dress: Stix, Baer & Fuller; Dayton's. Lilly Daché straw hat. Coiffures, these and the eight preceding pages: Maury of Kenneth.

DE ROSNAY



A SHORT STORY BY

JULIO CORTÁZAR

"I AM AN

EDITOR'S NOTE: A dark, handsome man, who, in his fifties, looks a scant thirty-nine, Julio Cortázar wrote the remarkable and brilliant novel *Hopscotch*. An Argentine, he was born in Brussels and lives and works in Paris. As well as the original story on which Antonioni's movie *Blow-Up* was based, and an earlier novel, *The Winners*, Julio Cortázar has written three books of short stories. A fourth collection, called *End of the Game*, in which this story will appear, will be published in July, by Pantheon Books.

There was a time when I thought a great deal about the axolotls. I went to see them in the aquarium at the Jardin des Plantes and stayed for hours watching them, observing their immobility, their faint movements. Now I am an axolotl.

I got to them by chance one spring morning when Paris was spreading its peacock tail after a wintry Lent. I was heading down the boulevard Port-Royal, then I took Saint Marcel and L'Hôpital, and saw green among all that grey and remembered the lions. I was a friend of the lions and panthers, but had never gone into the dark, humid building that was the aquarium. I left my bike against the gratings and went to look at the tulips. The lions were sad and ugly, and my panther was asleep. I decided on the aquarium, looked obliquely at banal fish until, unexpectedly, I hit it off with the axolotls. I stayed watching them for an hour and left, unable to think of anything else.

In the library at Sainte-Geneviève, I consulted a dictionary and learned that axolotls are the larval stage (provided with gills) of a species of salamander of the genus Ambystoma. That they were Mexican I knew already by looking at their little pink Aztec faces and the placard at the top of the tank. I read that specimens of them had been found in Africa capable of living on dry land during the periods of drought, and continuing their life underwater when the rainy season came. I found their Spanish name, *ajolote*, and the mention that they were edible, and that their oil was used (no longer used, it said) like cod-liver oil.

I didn't care to look up any of the specialized works, but the next day I went back to the Jardin des Plantes. I began to go every morning, morning and afternoon some days. The aquarium guard smiled perplexedly taking my ticket. I would lean up against the iron bar in front of the tanks and set to watching them. There's nothing strange in this, because after the first minute I knew that we were linked, that something infinitely lost and distant kept pulling us together. It had been enough to detain me that first morning in front of the sheet of glass where some bubbles rose through the water. The axolotls huddled on the wretched, narrow (only I can know how narrow and wretched) floor of moss and stone in the tank. There were nine specimens, and the majority pressed their heads against the glass, looking with their eyes of gold at whoever came near them. Disconcerted, almost ashamed, I felt it a lewdness to be peering at these silent and immobile figures heaped at the bottom of the tank. Mentally I isolated one, situated somewhat apart from the others, to study it better.

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I saw a rosy little body, as though it were translucent (I thought of those figurines of milky glass), looking like a small lizard about six inches long, ending in a fish tail of extraordinary delicacy, the most sensitive part of our body. Along the back ran a transparent fin which joined with the tail, but what obsessed me were the feet, of the slenderest nicety, ending in tiny fingers with minute human nails.

And then I discovered its eyes, its face. Inexpressive features, with no other trait save the eyes, two orifices like brooches, wholly of transparent gold, lacking any life but looking, letting themselves be penetrated by my look which seemed to travel past the golden level and lose itself in a diaphanous interior mystery. A very slender black halo ringed the eye and etched it onto the pink flesh, onto the rosy stone of the head. vaguely triangular, but with curved and irregular sides which gave it a total likeness to a statuette corroded by time.

The mouth was masked by the triangular plane of the face, its considerable size could be guessed only in profile; in front a delicate crevice barely slit the lifeless stone. On both sides of the head, where the ears should have been, there grew three tiny sprigs red as coral, a vegetal outgrowth, the gills, I suppose. And they were the only thing quick about it: Every ten or fifteen seconds the sprigs pricked up stiffly and again subsided. Once in a while a foot would barely move, I saw the diminutive toes poise mildly on the moss.

It's that we don't enjoy moving a lot, and the tank is so cramped—we barely move in any direction and we're hitting one of the others with our tail or our head—difficulties arise, fights, tiredness. The time feels as though it's less if we stay quiet.

It was their quietness that made me lean toward them fascinated the first time I saw the axolotls. Obscurely, I seemed to understand their secret will to abolish space and time with an indifferent immobility. I knew better later; the gill-contraction, the tentative reckoning of the delicate feet on the stones, the abrupt swimming (some of them swim with a simple undulation of the body) proved to me that they were capable of escaping that mineral lethargy in which they spent whole hours.

Above all else, their eyes obsessed me. In the standing tanks on either side of them, different fishes showed me the simple stupidity of their handsome eyes so similar to our own. The eyes of the axolotls spoke to me of the presence of a different life, of another way of seeing. Gluing my face to the glass (the guard would cough fussily once in a while), I tried to see better those diminutive golden points, that entrance to the infinitely slow and remote world of these rosy creatures. It was useless to tap with one finger on the glass directly in front of their faces; they never gave the least reaction. The golden eyes continued burning with their soft, terrible light; they continued looking at me from an unfathomable depth which made me dizzy.

And nevertheless they were close. I knew it before this, before being an axolotl. I learned it the day I came near them for the first time. The

AXOLOTL"

anthropomorphic features of a monkey reveal, the reverse of what most people believe, the distance that is travelled from them to us. The absolute lack of similarity between axolotls and human beings proved to me that my recognition was valid, that I was not propping myself up with easy analogies. Only the little hands. . . . But an eft, the common newt, has such hands also, and we are not at all alike. I think it was the axolotl's head. that triangular pink shape with the tiny eyes of gold. That looked and knew. That laid the claim. They were not *animals*.

It would seem easy, almost obvious, to fall into mythology. I began seeing in the axolotls a metamorphosis which did not succeed in revoking a mysterious humanity. I imagined them aware, slaves of their bodies, condemned infinitely to the silence of the abyss, to a hopeless meditation.

Their blind gaze, the diminutive gold disc without expression and nonetheless terribly shining, went through me like a message: "Save us, save us." I caught myself mumbling words of advice, conveying childish hopes. They continued to look at me, immobile; from time to time the rosy branches of the gills stiffened. In that instant I felt a muted pain; perhaps they were seeing me, attracting my strength to penetrate into the impenetrable thing of their lives.

They were not human beings, but I had found in no animal such a profound relation to myself. The axolotls were like witnesses of something, and at times like horrible judges. I felt ignoble in front of them; there was such a terrifying purity in those transparent eyes. They were larvae, but larva means disguise and also phantom. Behind those Aztec faces, without expression but of an implacable cruelty, what semblance was awaiting its hour?

I was afraid of them. I think that had it not been for feeling the proximity of other visitors and the guard, I would not have been bold enough to remain alone with them. "You eat them alive with your eyes, hey," the guard said, laughing; he likely thought I was a little cracked. What he didn't notice was that it was they devouring me slowly with their eyes, in a cannibalism of gold. At any distance from the aquarium, I had only to think of them; it was as though I were being affected from a distance. It got to the point where I was going every day, and at night I thought of them immobile in the darkness, slowly putting a hand out which immediately encountered another. Perhaps their eyes could see in the dead of night, and for them the day continued indefinitely. The eyes of axolotls have no lids.

I know now that there was nothing strange, that that had to occur. Leaning over in front of the tank each morning, the recognition was greater. They were suffering; every fibre of my body reached toward that stifled pain, that stiff torment at the bottom of the tank. They were lying in wait for something, a remote dominion destroyed, an age of liberty when the world had been that of the axolotls. Not possible that such a terrible expression which was attaining the overthrow of that forced blankness on their stone faces should carry any message other than one of pain, proof of that eternal sentence, of that liquid hell they were undergoing. Hopelessly, I wanted to prove to myself that my own sensibility was projecting a non-existent consciousness upon the axolotls. They and I knew.

So there was nothing strange in what happened. My face was pressed against the glass of the aquarium, my eyes were attempting once more to penetrate the mystery of those eyes of gold without iris, without pupil. I saw from very close up the face of an axolotl immobile next to the glass. No transition and no surprise; I saw my face against the glass, I saw it on the outside of the tank, I saw it on the other side of the glass. Then my face drew back and I understood.

Only one thing was strange: to go on thinking as usual, to know. To realize that was, for the first moment, like the horror of a man buried alive awaking to his fate. Outside, my face came close to the glass again, I saw my mouth, the lips compressed with the effort of understanding the axolotls. I was an axolotl and now I knew instantly that no understanding was possible. He was outside the aquarium, his thinking was a thinking outside the tank. Recognizing him, being he himself, I was an axolotl and in my world. The horror began—I learned in the same moment—of believing myself prisoner in the body of an axolotl, metamorphosed into him with my human mind intact, buried alive in an axolotl, condemned to move lucidly among unconscious creatures.

But that stopped when a foot just grazed my face, when I moved just a little to one side I saw an axolotl next to me who was looking at me, and I understood that he knew also, no communication possible, but very clearly. Or I was also in him, or all of us were thinking human-like, incapable of expression, limited to the golden splendour of our eyes looking at the face of the man pressed against the aquarium.

He returned many times, but he comes less often now. Weeks pass without his showing up. I saw him yesterday: he looked at me for a long time and left briskly. It seemed to me that he was not so much interested in us anymore, that he was coming out of habit. Since the only thing I do is think, I could think about him a lot.

It occurs to me that at the beginning we continued to communicate, that he felt more than ever one with the mystery which was claiming him. But the bridges were broken between him and me, because what was his obsession is now an axolotl, alien to his human life. I think that, at the beginning, I was capable of returning to him in a certain way—ah, only in a certain way—and of keeping awake his desire to know us better. I am an axolotl for good now, and if I think like a man, it's only because every axolotl thinks like a man inside his rosy stone semblance. I believe that all this succeeded in communicating something to him in those first days, when I was still he. And in this final solitude to which he no longer comes, I console myself by thinking that perhaps he is going to write a story about us, that, believing he's making up a story, he's going to write all this about axolotls.

TRANSLATED BY PAUL BLACKBURN



THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE IN BOOTS

ROME PARIS MADRID
LONDON NEW YORK

ROME

Why boots? Because they give the best proportion in the world. Because, taken top to toe, every woman looks approximately five-hundred times more dashing with boots than without. That's why boots. Why boots now. And why boots for a long, long time to come—every way, every day, every evening, everywhere. **DONNA MARINA LANTE DELLA ROVERE,** far left, in striped knits and mini-skirt of her own design, mid-calf boots by Dal Cò.—everyday gear for an everyday walk through the stretch of Villa Borghese gardens that lies between her house and her clickety-clacking Rome boutique. **PRINCESS IRA FÜRSTENBERG,** above, left—movie career simmering, everything shimmering: long silver-fumée boots and silver mesh stockings worn with a short tailored white mink coat. **DONNA ALESSANDRA SERRA DI CASSANO,** above, nineteen-year-old daughter of the Duca and Duchessa Serra di Cassano, and an art critic for *Il Giornale d'Italia,* silvered to her toes: short shining silver dress, long shining silver boots with diamanté ankle-chains, silver mesh stockings—colouring adored for evening in Rome. **PRINCIPESSA LUCIANA PIGNATELLI,** below, newest designer-heroine of the Italian boutiques wears, at her flat in the Palazzo Taverna, Valentino's delicious little black broadtail suit and tall matching broadtail boots centred with jewel-buckled satin ribbons.

PARIS

MLLE. JEANNE TOUSSAINT, *directrice-artistique* of Cartier-Paris, whose precious animals have been the inspiration of jewellers everywhere, wears —top right—other jewels: her magnificent copies of 14th-century Russian boots. Of old, gold-embroidered crimson velvet with thick crimson leather soles, they are worn for snow and at night with red pyjamas. MME JEAN-PAUL LABOURET, right: a modern odalisque down to her toes—encased in Roger Vivier's pailletted stocking-boots of elasticized silver jersey, silver-heeled. MME. BERNARD FRANÇOIS-PONCET, below—white turtleneck, Chanel tweeds, and knee-high boots of brown suède lined in red kid (Mancini for Givenchy). DONNA SIMONETTA FABIANI, below right: With her silver-embroidered white tunic, long black satin legs—Vivier's waist-length elasticized boots. MME. JEAN-CLAUDE ABREU, opposite, top, wears long red knit slit up the front—all the better to see legs in black-and-white crochet stockings and Russian dancing boots of crushed pale-blue kid. These, from Repetto. The rest: Simonetta Boutique. MRS. PATRICK GUINNESS, opposite, near right, on a rainy day in the Tuileries—Castillo's cheetah coat; Jourdan's black-calf riding boots strapped on the instep. MISS CANDICE BERGEN, opposite, centre, found her brown suède boots with riding-boot heels in Athens during the filming of *The Day the Fish Came Out*, wears them in Paris with her furred brown suède coat from Spain. MLLE. CATHERINE DENEUVE, star of *The Young Girls of Rochefort*—plaid mini-coat; boots to the knee of brown-and-black stagskin (François Villon for Cardin).

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE IN

BOOTS

MADRID

This page, near right and above, CONDESA ALINE DE ROMANONES turned out pour la chasse in olive green, the colour of all hunting clothes in Spain. With a Pertegaz tweed jacket and pants, she wears traditional laced rubber boots with sheepskin linings and ridged soles that hold firm on muddy grounds or snowy mountains. Her solid-gold evening look, right: gold-knit mini-dress from Pertegaz, gold mesh stockings, gold leather boots. MRS. PAT DE CICCO, right, in Saint Laurent's olive-green jacket and skirt, and the classic fine-weather hunting boots worn by both men and women in Spain—handmade of olive-green cordovan and fitted like gloves to the leg, with zippers held by buckled straps. MRS. ANGIER BIDDLE DUKE, below, wife of the American Ambassador to Spain, with their son Biddle in the Embassy gardens. Her high, slim country-walking boots—beige buckskin with *faux* lacing in front, worn with Elio Berhanyer's beige wool nine-tenths coat and skirt.

LONDON

Facing page, right, MRS. JOCELYN STEVENS, top, is on a Russian-heroine spree this year; had the famous flamenco-heeled Vivier boots copied in black patent to wear with her long, belted yellow coat from Dior-London. MISS RORY DAVIS, centre—a fledgling model's idea of a super way to tear around London between bookings: mini-dress; textured stockings; mid-calf buckle-front boots of marigold suède. LADY CHARLOTTE MANNERS, below—her favourite proportions in silver: long boots squared in the Ungaro manner; chain-mail mini-dress from Dior-London. MISS LESLIE CARON, right, had to have these tall, lean butterscotch leather boots with the tiny buckles on top—only boot in the world for her fluffy red fox cap and coat. MRS. JOHN MENZIES, top right, in beige twill pants; silk-lined black leather boots by Charles Jourdan, strapped and buckled on the instep—her uniform for African safaris and (with heavy stockings added) for shoots in Scotland.

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE IN BOOTS

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE IN BOOTS



NEW YORK

MISS MINNIE CUSHING, opposite, far left, gloriously long-legged to begin with, wears the leggiest, most luxuriously dégagé proportions in town—taupe suède boots to the hip; belted blond sable to the fingertips. . . . Evins hipboots and Maximilian's seven-eighths coat with a tortoiseshell buckle. MRS. SAMUEL PRYOR REED, opposite, left, in the garden of sculpture at the Whitney Museum of American Art—a flash of pretty knees between bundly, brindly white lynx coat and narrow brown boots. These, by Daniela, are suède on the leg, polished leather on the foot. Coat from Maximilian. MRS. LEONARD HOLZER, this page, far left, dressed for a walk on the wild side. Except for fluffs of lynx: cheetah all the way—Evins long, long, long boots; Maximilian's whirly twirly tunic. MRS. PETER QUENNELL, left, above—a London beauty with a mane of thick reddish hair and legs so long, her friends call her Spider—adds length to her own legend here: Over hand-crocheted tights of pale-beige wool, a tiny black wool tunic just to the top of the thighs. Then, mid-thigh-high—the softest, crushiest, yummiest white suède boots. Tossed over everything, a black-and-white coat, dense and furry. All, from Grès. MRS. ROBIN BUTLER, left, below, and the Tolstoi-Chekhov-Pasternak proportions that rocked the rafters at Dior this year: long boots, long coat, very short dress underneath. Here, over her dark-grey dress, a hooded red wool coat plumped with black fox, and shiny black patent boots. MRS. FRANCIS FARR, below, in her New York apartment, tucked up for evening in Ken Scott's printed chiffon tunic, matching jersey leotard and softest pale-blue leather "gloves" on her legs—Golo's 22-inch boots, worn crushed down on the calf.



BEAUTY PLAYING WITH LIGHT

She shines. She should. These are the light-years of fashion, the light-years of beauty. The years when light is one of the games people play. She wears silver—says it's her white. Wears metal, crystal. Tries on light for light's sake. Goes places (there's no missing them) in which light moves hypnotically, and mirrored, motor-propelled Lightworks are played like music. Even at a seated dinner for eighteen, Lightworks swirl across the same dining room wherein a year ago décor was a question of which flowers for which table, and only candles flickered. (The smart money's watching mirror-paved furniture, bibelots.)

She shines. Has to. Lightplay—the splintered, restless play of light—is a part of the current environment. Chap called Goldstein, the discolighter credited with harnessing light to the nation's night-place beat, identifies himself as neither engineer nor lighting expert, but "environmentologist."

She shines. Actively. A candescent mobile, she has her hair streaked with light, combs it a new, loose way for action; wears metal cutouts on ears and throat. She swings her handbag from new yards of chain. Has mobile, battery-powered jewellery. Likes electric colour on a quicksilver body. Isn't a bit surprised when two women she knows order glinting, yard-long *sautoirs* from a serious jeweller, mobiles in which the carat count alone is pretty hypnotizing.

She shines. For her, makeup is now entirely a matter of values—*light* values. Everything she chooses toward beauty has this objective: to catch, create, project light. She knows the whole point of a modern cosmetic is not to smother the skin in pigment, but to clear it with light. To illustrate with *highlight*. . . .

She shines. All over. Buffs her skin with loofah, lava, pumice. Polishes up with all-over moisturizer. Is her own Rubens, making the flesh glow. Veils, in scented lotion, her arms, back, bosom, calves. Gleams at twenty paces. . . .

LIGHT
LITTLE WRAPAROUND:
LIGHT

Still enjoying the ravedom that resulted from the light-projecting makeup foundation introduced last autumn (a super Superglow fluid foundation), Germaine Monteil has only this to add at the moment: a new series of lipsticks stroked with light. The one at left is Brilliant Café; formula is Super-Moist; time is day or night. . . . As for the body necklace: this and the earrings, all made of gold, were devised by a Cuban artist called Domingo de la Cueva, whose work-site is on the Giudecca, off the Venetian canals. Four months went into the making of the mobiles you see here—as much time as he'll need to fill Sophia Loren's order for a duplicate (hers: to be jewelled with rubies and sapphires). No directions accompany the body necklace. . . . Capezio leotard of Helanca nylon. Lightworks coiffure: Pierre Henri of Saks Fifth Avenue.

BERT STERN



BEAUTY PLAYING WITH LIGHT

She shines. Authentically. Pressed for the secret of her clear-eyed glow, she claims she's a health-nut. ("If I don't get my Tiger's Milk in the morning, I'm a bear.") She exercises. It was exercise, she says, that tightened her skin, brightened her face, reshaped her figure, gave her her glow. "And only real exercise will do it," she adds. She hoots at an account of the latest Paris fad for avoiding exercise—a theory based on the belief that if you eat Swiss cheese, you'll keep your muscle-tone without so much as lifting a finger. (A theory in which Swiss cheese isn't the only thing full of holes.) . . . Health-nut or not, she holds happily to this rule: Always marry a man who can't stand the smell of cigarettes. . . . Clear-lunged, sigh. Ravishing, shining teeth. . . .

She shines. At a distance, what you get is the impact of dazzling highlights. Above the hollow of the cheekbone, gleam. Across the forehead, taut polish. At top of head, thick hair springing into light. Eyelids and mouth, glistening curves shaped to mobility, life, light. Arms, legs, fingertips silked with more light, pearly light. . . . It's all real, and it's all embellished. Selectively. "Without dissolving your pearls in vinegar, as Cleopatra did, you'll find a little something to use to highlight anything." . . . (See list, page 34.)

She shines. There's gold in that hair. (It was put there.) Pearl on eyelid and mouth. (Ditto.) Maybe some well-placed luminescence on given areas of the skin. (This comes in bottles, tubes, jars.) There is polish. (A moisturizer.) There is a glow of excitement. (Blusher.) There's *oscuro* for the *chiaro*. (Mascara, eyeliner—to give the light its contrast; deepen and open the eye.) . . . Confessing she couldn't care less whether the Lightworks craze lasts or fades, she's satisfied with its lessons: When light moves, you have to be ready to meet it on its own terms. Have to hold your head *up* out of the neck; have to see that your hands and feet can stand the roving spotlight. . . .

She shines. A Greek had a word for it—the Greek was Homer. In his usage, the word, spelled *leussei,* had a two-way meaning. "She sees something bright," and "She has a look of joy." Both: true of the woman who shines. . . .



LIGHTPLAY WITH NEW IDEAS RE HIGHLIGHT

Start anywhere. At the top of the forehead, the eyelid, the jewel-hung ear, the mouth. Or start with daffodil yellow—the colour of the dress. It's all about light. It's all worked out. And it works. The makeup continues Frances Denney's campaign for incandescence (her light-bulb foundation is a classic now). Additions are new shades of lamé lipsticks, among which Coral Lamé is the one worn at left. More incandescence: new cream eye shadows in a shimmering stick. On eyelid, Blue-Light. On eyebone: Glow-Light, a shade that highlights more warmly than pure white, more like sunlight. . . . Cotton lace dress by Gustave Tassell; Robert Originals earrings: both at Bonwit Teller. Dress, also at Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Hair by Suga of Kenneth.

BERT STERN

ZEST HOUSE

MRS. OGDEN PHIPPS HAS MADE THE PALM BEACH HOUSE A BURST OF COMFORT, COLOUR, WITH AN AMUSING EXUBERANCE OF NORTH AFRICAN DESIGN. BY VALENTINE LAWFORD

PHOTOGRAPHED BY HORST

There is admittedly something unusual in the idea of converting a conventional Palm Beach house into a Moroccan pavilion, but Mrs. Phipps, one suspects, is an unusual woman. Certainly she seems to be an unusual product of her particular world: the world of the affluent, the conservative, the horse-loving, and the foursquare. For though she fits with perfect ease into her world, leads the kind of life that is expected of her, and honestly enjoys it, there is about one and all of her activities a perceptible extra quality, a hint of originality, an added freshness. Mrs. Phipps comes from one of the best-known sporting families in America. Her maiden name of Bostwick is practically synonymous with polo. She spent much of her youth at Aiken, South Carolina—Mecca of the horse cult. Until quite recently she was a keen horsewoman and frequently rode to hounds. She is married to a notable racehorse owner; and she herself was the most successful private owner of steeplechasers in the United States in 1966. But if she accompanies her husband every autumn to Saratoga for the races, by now it is just as much because she is fond of music as because she is fond of horses. She has taken a (Continued on next page)

Mrs. Ogden Phipps in her morning room, above, *filled with hothouse colours and amusements for the eye. Here, red-and-yellow prints, red lacquer chairs, cooled by crisp white piqué cushions, a blue-and-white K'ang Hsi bowl of flowers.* Right: *In the living room, a blue-and-white striped sofa copied from a Delacroix painting, and tall nineteenth-century brass girandoles. Above the wainscot of Portuguese tiles, the walls are combed plaster, designed after walls that Mrs. Phipps saw and liked in Morocco.*



ZEST HOUSE

prominent part in founding and supporting the Saratoga Performing Arts Center and gives parties there for the musicians and singers and dancers. On her own admission, Mrs. Phipps enjoys nothing better than collecting money for the Center from those whom she refers to as the "horse people," her friends. In New York she is Co-chairman of the Membership Committee of the Metropolitan Opera National Council. Last June, she was elected to the Opera's Board of Directors. She is admittedly no musical expert, but her work for the Metropoli- (Continued on next page)



Top: *Japanese umbrellas and pink geraniums, near the swimming pool.* Directly above: *Swimming, Miss Cynthia Phipps, with her dog.* Left: *A glimpse of the dining room caught from the morning room with its cage of singing birds and one of the many fantail palms filling the house with their green flourish.* Right: *Screened from the wind by plastic drops in its outer arches, the loggia has an eighteenth-century Chinese lantern, basketwork chairs, outbursts of flowers.*



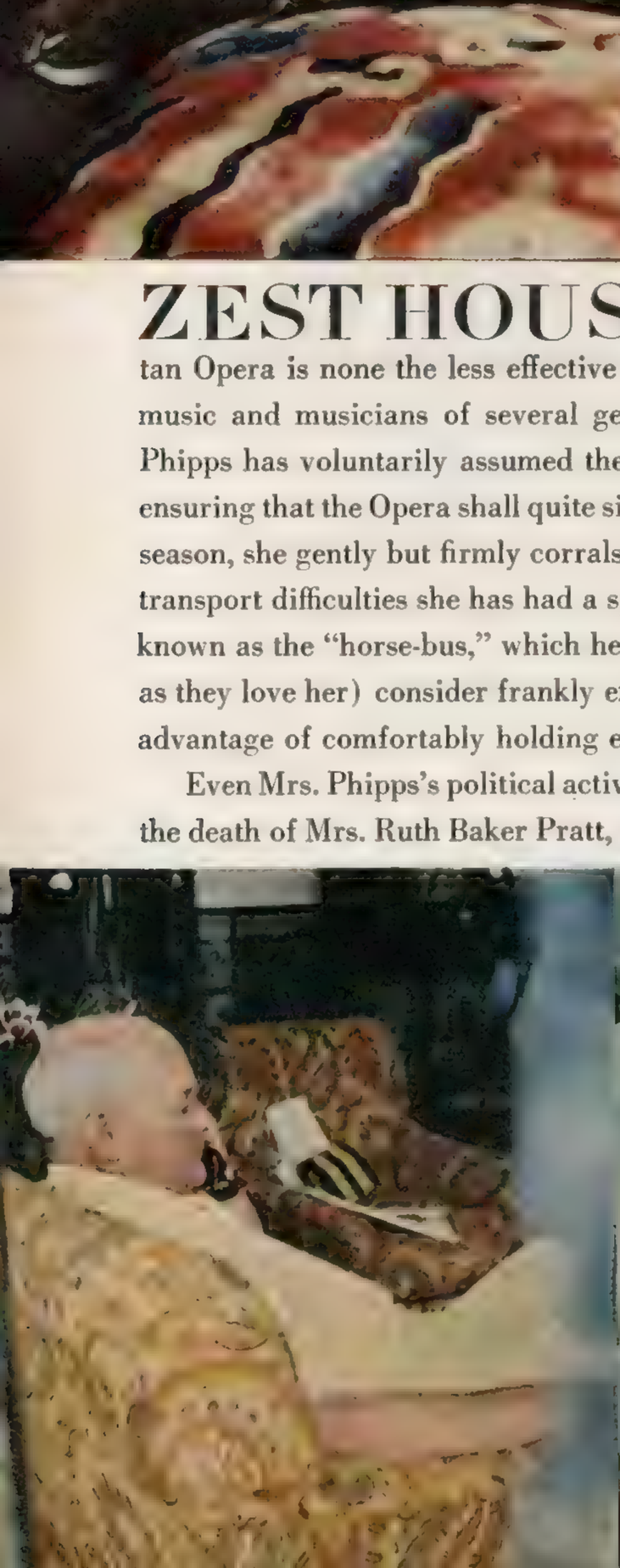
HORST

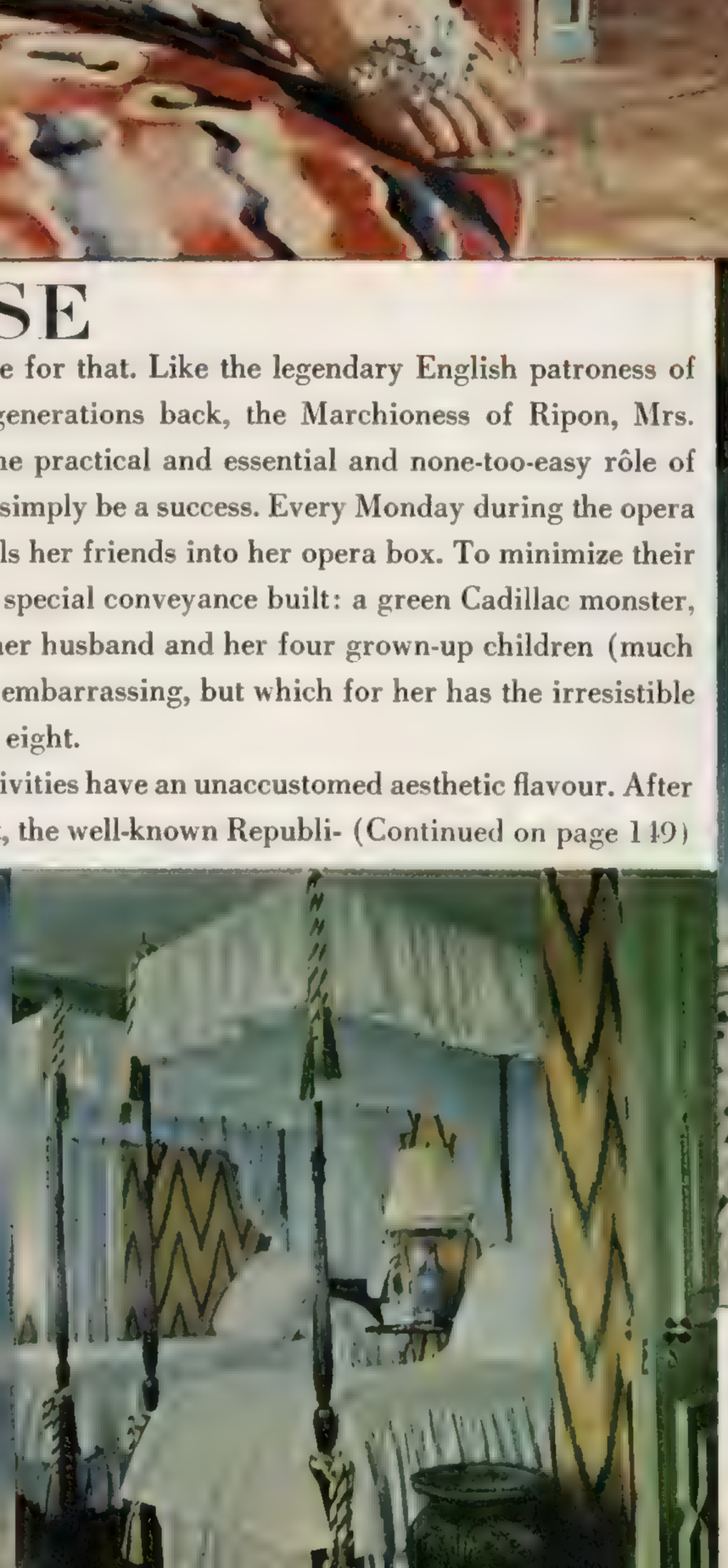


ZEST HOUSE

tan Opera is none the less effective for that. Like the legendary English patroness of music and musicians of several generations back, the Marchioness of Ripon, Mrs. Phipps has voluntarily assumed the practical and essential and none-too-easy rôle of ensuring that the Opera shall quite simply be a success. Every Monday during the opera season, she gently but firmly corrals her friends into her opera box. To minimize their transport difficulties she has had a special conveyance built: a green Cadillac monster, known as the "horse-bus," which her husband and her four grown-up children (much as they love her) consider frankly embarrassing, but which for her has the irresistible advantage of comfortably holding eight.

Even Mrs. Phipps's political activities have an unaccustomed aesthetic flavour. After the death of Mrs. Ruth Baker Pratt, the well-known Republi- (Continued on page 149)







Mr. Ogden Phipps, far left, *in the morning room.* Left: *A guest room, its English beds rife with white piqué, woollen tassels.* Above: *A snatch of living room seen beyond the dining room with nineteenth-century Indian filigree chairs.*









Miss Cynthia Phipps, opposite, top left, *a young image of Turquerie, seated beside a Neapolitan stool on a cushion covered in an eighteenth-century Chinese rug. Added to this stir of exotica: nineteenth-century French windows, a K'ang Hsi bowl of flowers on a Chinese barrel.* Opposite page, top right: *On the swimming-pool terrace, sofas made from nineteenth-century bathtubs, lacquered red.* This page, top left: *Mrs. Phipps's bedroom, abounding in flowers and softened colours: Roses, gloxinias, and, in a majolica barrel, tulips glowing against mauve-and-beige striped walls and curtains.* Top right: *The Phipps house, redesigned by the architect Marion Wyeth, and inspired by a Chinnery painting of an Oriental pavilion.* Centre left: *The lily pond, a special pleasure of Mr. Phipps's.* Centre right: *A play of patterns in the guest house, decorated, as was the main house, by Robert Denning and Vincent Fourcade. Seen through a window with a shade of printed lace, the balcony with its balustrade of moucharaby overlooking the swimming pool.* Left: *In Mrs. Phipps's room, her bed covered in print with Porthault sheets especially matched to it. The table is nineteenth-century Italian, painted in the "Turkish" taste.* Right: *Wearing one of the big-brimmed hats she likes and collects, Mrs. Phipps, of whom a friend said, "She takes any amount of trouble. Once she takes charge, she sees everything through to success."*



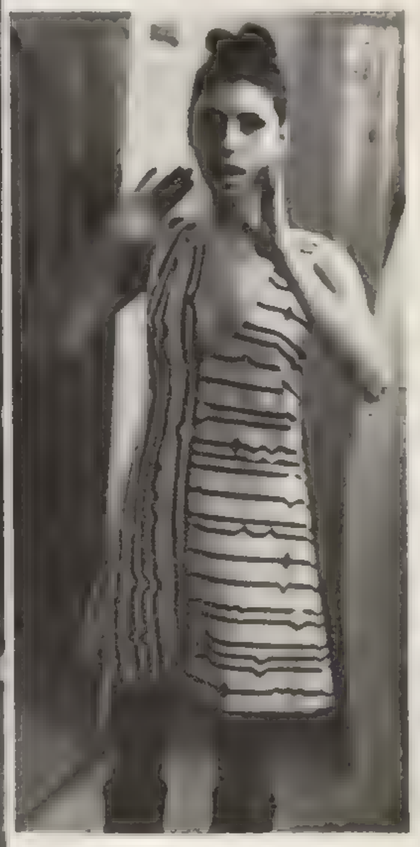


HORST

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

"Did you say this was the year for masks?" When you're boutiqueing with fabulous pussy-cat face Benedetta . . . hoisting a super-size Barbra poster up and front, is part of the scene (far left) because Benedetta is a boutique bird acutely tuned to what boutiques are all about —luxurious, maybe even practical fashion —but mostly whimsy— and *wit.* Now hear Benedetta at Serendipity 3, left: ***"With a neckline like this you have to wear a mask!"*** The dress, cardiograms of black



on white cotton—décolletage pretty jumpy too. $65. Oh yes, the perfect party pyjama, left: black jersey dotted and dashed with green and red, $75. And if you've got Benedetta bird strength, you, too, can carry Barbra's eyelashed poster as a mask, $35. Serendipity 3, 225 E. 60th St. Now follow Benedetta on a-hatting —top of next page please. . . .



JACK ROBINSON





"Isn't this hat cuckoo? Look at the ways I can wind it—now I'm a dashing cowboy (left) . . . and then mmmmh . . . I'm feeling a bit Belmondo (right) . . . and now! isn't this great? Don't you think I look like Chanel—in the twenties I mean (below) . . . or if I twist like this (below, right), who do you suppose I am? . . ."



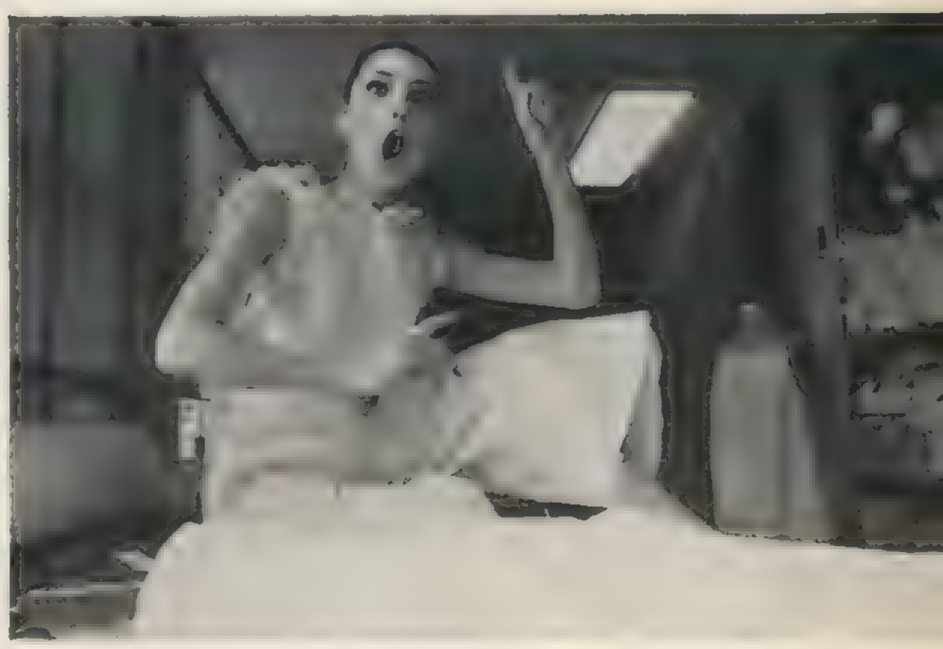


They're very nice at Design Research, they understand that you've got to pull on the cuckoo hat and mash it this way and that, and study your rôles, that's what the hat is for—to amuse. It's felt, in orange, or acid green, or magenta, or black . . . $23. Design Research, 53 East 57th St. . . . Next we're off to T. Jones where ***"You see, even this chic sensible coat is so pretty with whimsy."*** What Benedetta puts on (sorry no photo—camera couldn't quite catch its fragile charm) a typically T. Jones beautifully tailored, narrow through bosom and shoulders, flaring toward hem coat made of creamy Anglo twill printed with palest pink roses. $150. There's a sleeveless, col-rouleau-collared dress to match, too. $100. T. Jones, 15 West 57th St. . . . ***"I'm mad about caftans—they're absolutely the most luxurious of all places to hide in."*** . . . And where the most beautiful of all caftans are cached—at Mme. Arpels's Aliata boutique. They're the ones specially made in Morocco from silver and gold-shot French silks, chiffons, and velvets. . . . Maybe it *does* take forty-five minutes to fasten all the four hundred tiny bullion buttons (below, left), but isn't it delicious, a *dream* when Benedetta buttons up (left)? They cost a lot, of course. About $450. Aliata, 665 Madison Avenue. . . . And then wham—from boutiqueing the lovely, luxurious life, Benedetta's off to hound down the real boutique nitty gritty. ***"Paper. Why aren't more people making paper dresses?"*** Well, now more people are, and Benedetta's charged right into the workroom of one of them—Vi Dodge of Mitchell Bros. (right). Such bliss—here is a lady crackling with pretty, witty ideas, all very feminine, too. The white slick finish Kimberly Kaycel shift (above right), is ruffed around the neck with glisteny-pink Styrofoam pompons (they're fastened on with pipe cleaners). And now, hold on, Benedetta's on her soapbox (right). ***"Now, people! Let me tell you about paper!"*** It's the same refrain, let's have more paper clothes to play dress-up in . . . like this little jumpsuit on Benedetta—shiny white, ruffled round with white lace, and fastened close on both sides with pale-blue satin ribbons. Vi Dodge's paper cutups, the shift (above right), about $10, the jumpsuit, $7, are in Stern Bros. Paper Boutique, 41 West 42nd St. (March). . . . Please turn the page—









JACK ROBINSON

More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

Continued

we're not through with our Benedetta trip. There's Benedetta putting them on and taking them off. Naturally she's at Paraphernalia and ***"who can resist playing Minsky's when the jukebox is ump-da-da-roomphing—and there are all these rippy new Betsey Johnson's to slip in and out of?"*** There are the new "mouldeds" (right), made out of some kind of clingy, shiny, stretchy stuff that hangs on like a bathing suit, with big swinging arch cutouts in wild places, filled in with flesh-toned net. Wow. Then there are Betsey's mini-coat-pants-suits (below). They're purple-y jersey printed with orange doughnuts.





The pants bell and the tunic moulds—there's a lot of fit in the new Betsey Johnson's. (There are also slight shoulder pads squaring things away, but let's not think about that.) . . . Anyway, off goes Benedetta. Off go the pants and there! The perfect mini-coat remains. Moulded dress, $35. Mini-coat-pants set $75. Paraphernalia, 795 Madison Ave. . . . ***"We can't let a good story drop, let's find some more pants."*** So it's off to Splendiferous (bottom, centre) and there is the perfect mini-culotte—white









jersey, trim as a pin. $45. Splendiferous, 1312 Third Avenue. . . . Now shoes. ***"The shoe to wear my silver stockings with in the daytime."*** It's the slickest by-day-look going. Black lacquery patent, squared in toe and heel with silver kid. $55. Daniela, 43 E. 57th St. So ciao for now, Benedetta.





JACK ROBINSON

Zermatt: Hard hats are what the chic, real red skiers now wear—regulation white polo helmets bought in England. Look great with V de V's chevron-striped parkas. . . .

Help the hospital! Due to an error of information, Vogue's Own Boutique, November 15, erroneously mentioned that Mount Sinai Hospital's 360 I.B.M. computer was processing data for Data-Date dating service. Mount Sinai's computer is all wound up with purely medical problems, not those of the heart—Valentine style. So please do *not* write Mount Sinai Hospital attempting to find your compatible mate.

Vanessa Redgrave

(Continued from page 77)

When you bend your mind and your body to something alien, that's very exciting to do and people are stimulated and excited by it. . . . I became tired and frightened . . . no, I certainly don't want to do *Brodie* again."

What rôles would she like to do? "Oh, if it's rainy one day, you'd like it to be sunny the next. . . . In the theatre I get the sex-starved spinsters and the voracious kooks as well."

Whatever the rôle, "one is totally in the hands of the director. I learnt that from Tony, and now I've learnt it for myself." ["Tony" means Tony Richardson, director of *Tom Jones* and *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning;* he and Vanessa Redgrave were married in 1962, now live apart, but continue to work together professionally.]

When Antonioni, the status-symbol director of the moment, was asked recently whether he thought Vanessa Redgrave was willing to accept a small part in *Blow-Up* simply to work with him, he responded "Who knows?" Yet in the same interview, after shrugging apathetically at questions about other actresses, he came through with a spontaneous "Wonderful!" for Vanessa.

In point of fact, she not only accepted the part, she *wangled* it: "I went to see Michelangelo and we talked mostly about other things in English and Italian. Then as I was leaving a friend told me I'd got the part. . . . I had a little cry in the production room."

With Michelangelo (the halo-name of affection that lends even greater aura to Antonioni) one of the great satisfactions for an actress—aside from the fact that he works with the intentness of a great conductor—is his feeling for spontaneity, an impulse treasured by Vanessa Redgrave as something that happens usually when you work on location rather than in the studio.

The location of the moment is the back lot of Warner Bros. where it's the "lusty month of May" in Camelot with a hundred extras as lords and ladies, "atmosphere people," and an amazing array of animals including spotted hound dogs, trapped-up horses, lively unpredictable pheasants, and the rumour that there will also be foxes. In a wildwood grove, California's robust greenery has been displaced by trees more congenial to the English countryside, some with convincing paper apple blossoms. "This is gambolling about," explained Vanessa's secretary.

Josh Logan, *Camelot's* director and the man who also directed *Picnic, Fanny,* and *South Pacific* for both stage and screen, said, in the classic manner, "Sound please," and Vanessa's own voice recorded clear and pure above a big orchestra, sang ". . . *lust*-y month of May."

Lords and ladies, hound dogs, horses, and Vanessa—barefoot—gambolled over grass where the frost would last for another hour (they'd been at it since eight, but working since six to allow for makeup and hair), Vanessa not mouthing the lyrics but singing like a ruddy bird even though the sound track was set and not a note was really needed. "It's time to do a wr-retched thing or two," she gave, with no loss of sweetness, some very nice innuendo.

They'd been at this number for two weeks with probably a week to go, and Vanessa, in a delightful lawn dress which she describes as "the colour of wet English earth, wet English grass," was still playing every moment with the energy she might reserve for an opening night and fresh inventive nuances in every take. Josh Logan, who shares her appetite for spontaneity, had been looking for "lift, for elevation," and by sheer accident, on the ninety-ninth retake, she picked up a pheasant and threw it into the air. "That's a piece of choreography," said Logan later, "for which I'll get credit, but it wasn't me; it was Vanessa and the pheasant. She loves the accidents that happen in front of the camera."

(Continued on page 154)



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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Easy sometimes does it

Are you, in an age of enforced do-it-yourself expertise, a woman who really can't hang a picture herself, who's mystified about the inner workings of stereo, and whose major and most recent triumph in technology is the mastery of false eyelashes? If so, you probably long ago decided that home hair colouring was beyond you. But *should* you let it go at that? There are times and circumstances—like travelling, like having to be in the house for days on end—when it would be advantageous, wouldn't it, to be able to colour your hair yourself? Even if you've never thought of this activity as exactly your métier. Now comes news of a permanent hair colour-shampoo that could make a handy-dandy expert out of almost every woman. "That's My Color" is the brave new name to note, and Tecnique is responsible for it all. The keyword here is "natural," and you can forget the harsh tones and straw textures that were once the price paid for a change of colour. Lighten your hair, brighten it, or blend away the grey (and here, in this area, "That's My Color" produces superb results)—this shampoo-in colouring treats hair kindly, comes up with a shade that looks as if you were naturally blessed with it. Protein and polyunsaturated conditioners are the built-in beautifiers that silken every strand, keep hair in top form. Application: simplified. Strand test: you need none. After-shampoo fading: absolutely not. Best of all, the timing is automatic. All of which gives you a great sense of security. "That's My Color" spans the spectrum in 13 shades, rambling from palest blond to auburns to natural black. This might be the season you do it yourself—and don't hate it. . . .

Beauty by the spurt

When one was a child, one yearned as a child for the deliciousness dispensed at marble soda fountains by shiny pumps. All grown up, one still yearns: this time for the good looks that make being a woman a joy—temporarily, at least. Tourneur Salons, whose philosophy of makeup is purely personal, restore the remembrance of things past by installing ten miniature soda-type dispenser pumps. The difference being, these spurt a custom-blended liquid foundation: a mixture as never before of those colours calculated to most enhance your own skin-tones. Out of the spigots emerge beige, deep pink, white, lavender, violet, carnelian, and other face-flatterers. Your own combination of complexion colours goes into a measured bottle, is noted on a chart for accurate refillings. Tourneur will also custom-blend a special foundation shade for evening, for a holiday tan, for a winter pallor—as well as the rouge, the cream foundation, the eye shadow that's for you, just you. And you may consult with their experts freely, more freely than you'd suppose. . . .

A new way to come to flower

This way: with Tweed Creme Perfume, a Lenthéric idea that makes a wintry world speak of summer's mossy glades, woodland paths. Full-bodied is the way we'd carry on about this satin-white creamy essence, and it *does* seem to bloom upon your skin the second you smooth it on with its own slender little spatula. Apply to wrists, knees, the crook of your arm; the cling is softly insistent. All for the good of the cause. . . .

Women on their birthdays

The clock strikes the hour, the calendar pins down the date, the days melt away one by one, and suddenly, you're a year older. Feeling pensive. A birthday, however, is nothing to be alarmed about, even in this youthquaking world. As the dear, dead radio soap-operas once intoned: a woman in her thirties *can* find love and romance (or keep old flames burning). All of which brings us to the cheering news of a new moisturizing emulsion that helps make thirty-five and over a perfectly splendid age to be, and a birthday an occasion for public admission. To Helena Rubinstein goes the credit for creating Ultra Feminine Emollient Moisturizing Emulsion. Consider it a daytime companion to their night treatment, Ultra Feminine Hormone Cream. No hormones in this emulsion, but emollients to help replace daytime loss of moisture and oils. Plus: a special ingredient which conserves moisture. Wear it indoors or out, whatever the weather—with makeup or without. The look you get is very fresh, very smooth, very *joie de vivre.* You should find Ultra Feminine Emulsion a flattering foundation, too—not a trace of greasiness in its composition. It disappears *into* the skin instantaneously. All that remains is dewiness. A happening to be hankered after if birthdays of late are trying to prove their point. . . .

Hair ready for action!

Your hair today can be snipped to a sculptured cap. It can be a mass of meandering ringlets. It can be romantically long and loose. Or tied cleanly at the back. The thing is: no matter how you have it shaped, the feeling must be *real,* with bounce and body and naturalness in every single strand. These divine attributes, however, may not be yours without at least a little outside help. The news is reassuring. Help is here for hair—all kinds of hair: normal, resistant, tinted or bleached, dry or damaged. A new permanent wave designed for use in professional beauty salons: Hair Magic permanent wave by Breck. Even hair that's always shown a stubborn streak when it comes to waving falls right into line. A silicone conditioner makes it more pliant, responsive to combing and styling. And if you have memories of a strong ammonia odour following in your wake after a permanent, lay those memories gently to rest. Hair Magic wafts *no* ammonia, is lightly and pleasantly scented. Before you decide upon the next action your hair will take—free-form or incredibly involved—you might investigate the flexibility imparted by Hair Magic. . . . (More Ready Beauty, page 150.)

Zest House

(Continued from page 142)

can Congresswoman at the time of the Hoover Administration, it was on Mrs. Phipps's suggestion that much of Mrs. Pratt's famous Glen Cove drawing room, with its original, exceptionally fine English furniture, was incorporated as a permanent feature in the Women's National Republican Club of New York.

Mrs. Phipps is one of those fortunate people for whom life is a consistently enjoyable adventure. She looks forward every morning to something new. She is passionately curious. She loves to travel. Last summer she went to Moscow and Leningrad. This spring she has rented a house in North Africa, Monsieur Yves Vidal's "York Castle" at Tangier.

Mrs. Phipps's New York apartment and her houses in Long Island and in Florida are famously well run. She genuinely enjoys entertaining. Her luncheons and dinners are invariably excellent. She makes her daily domestic arrangements early in the morning—and that is that. No doubt she is well aware that she can organize anything at least as well as anyone else. But she combines the maximum of efficiency with the minimum of fuss. A friend who has often been her guest said, "I have never heard her give an order." Another friend, who has worked for her on the furnishing and decorating of her Palm Beach house, said, "I have never heard her give an order twice." Their comments suggest that Mrs. Phipps is equally highly regarded by those who stay with her and those who work for her.

She has the rare virtue—rare at least, by all accounts, among rich women with a penchant for ideas—of quickly making up her mind. Once her choice is made, she sticks to it. When word spread of her Palm Beach building plans, friends on their travels sent her postcards of buildings in North Africa and of Moorish architecture in southern Spain. Her decorators, Robert Denning and Vincent Fourcade, unearthed a Romantic nineteenth-century watercolour of a real or imaginary "Oriental" house. They drew her attention to a variety of potentially inspiring details and documents: a sofa in a Delacroix painting of the bedroom of Count Charles de Mornay, a striped motif from the great mosque at Córdoba, the immense vases used by Princesse Mathilde to hold the palms in her conservatory. But always it was Mrs. Phipps who made her own decisions, and she assumes full responsibility for the outcome: "I told them I wanted Moroccan, and Moroccan I got."

That Mrs. Phipps doesn't seriously regard her house as a Moroccan facsimile goes without saying. Apart from all else, it is fairly full of Chinese objects, and it happens to face a prominent electric power station across the lake. It is simply as she intended it to be: a fantasy, a provocation, a joke. If her friends have their doubts and reservations about it, she is amused rather than despondent. A famous designer is said to have come away from it quite unimpressed. A famous writer, on the other hand, confessed that against all his intentions he had fallen under its spell. One doubts, though, whether either reaction affected her unduly. She just happens to like the house very much herself.

At ease in all her houses, she is here in Palm Beach, perhaps, most evidently at ease. Here there is a gentle, subtle touch about her welcome to her guests. It is as though she not merely welcomes them but "helps them into" this house. She sits differently here, with her feet tucked under her, her shoes off.

If it is true that she of all people knows what she likes, her likes and dislikes are only seldom explicitly stated. Rather, one is left to deduce that she is partial or not partial to this or that simply from the presence or absence of this or that in her chosen surroundings.

There are no perceptible blue-reds in Mrs. Phipps's Palm Beach décor; and apart from an abundance of white piqué cushions, few signs of pure white. There are tuberoses and tulips, anemones, gloxinias, and fantail palms in her rooms; and pink—but not red—geraniums in her garden. Many of her flowers and plants are contained in blue-and-white cachepots. One surmises that she likes blue and pale apricot. She has a taste for lacquer and singing birds. She wears large hats, and has a collection of huge umbrellas. . . .

But the enumeration of her supposed preferences risks giving a second-hand impression of self-indulgence. In fact, it is people—her family, her friends, her staff, the world at large—who interest her more than possessions. Enthusiasm, vitality tempered with warmth of heart are the key to her character and to her happiness.

Perhaps she seems an unusual American woman simply because she is so unusually like what American women are supposed to be, and one hopes always will be, if history allows: more apt than most to bring a personal spice or seasoning, a zest of their own, to the ordinary routines of life. Positive, clear-headed, and competent. But none the less intuitive, imaginative, and kind.



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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Eyelashing—fast and fascinating

No predicting the target on which Evelyn Marshall will next set eye. And when she and her willing chemists find a way to an improvement —into a tube, bottle, or jar will it go. . . . So it was with eyelash fixative. Long an advocate of fake eyelashing, Miss Marshall was just a *little* bit dissatisfied with the eyelash glues around and put her mind to those adhesives. Put one in a bottle you might mistake for a container of white nail enamel. Stopper top is also a glass wand applicator. You see better what you're doing, the adhesive goes on neatly, peels away tidily. . . .

On keeping up a good face

Complacency is an enemy of complexions. Especially of young complexions whose owners, satisfied with what they see at the moment, sometimes find it most attractive to coast along indefinitely with only remedial measures. But nothing beamed at warding off the gloom of time. Directed to these young women is a new liquid-cream designed expressly for them by Irma Shorell. Such are the qualifications of Youth 25 that it may induce the most indolent beauty to improve her later looks now. Since its recipe includes moisturizing oils, it serves as a moisturizer-powder base. Since emollients and special line off-warders are part of its plot, it works as a night cream, too. Since inserting it in the refrigerator can firm up its consistency, the user can pick her texture. . . . If the dermatologists' holdings are true—that preventive care in early life can retard skin-aging—Youth 25 could make for later complacency. . . . Search it out at Henri Bendel.

Brushing away the hair spray

"Normally," reported an impressed reporter, "I *have* to shampoo regularly every two or three days *without fail.* Hair sprays accumulate dirt and are inclined to build up until my hair is an interesting combination of stiff-and-limp no matter how much brushing. But now I washed my hair exactly six days ago and have used only Elnett (and a bit of baby powder); my scalp feels clean; I've not used curlers this week. The stuff seems to inject some life and bounce into the hair with each application." The Elnett the young woman referred to is Elnett Satin, a hair spray by L'Oréal of Paris. Particularly remarkable about Elnett is that it captures the hairdo, keeps it in silky position, yet the spray can be thoroughly brushed out when one should brush out—end of day. . . .

After the Late, Late Bath

No better tranquillizer than the Late, Late Bath. After it, Bain Nouveau in new push-button shape: Crème de Bain Nouveau. Via pointed-finger applicator, it gets propelled out of its urn with measured consideration. Flowered and spiced, tanged by musk, it silks and scents you all over. Undries parched spots. And, because of its portioned doling out, does it with fine practicality. . . .

New stripe of knit



PENATI

This-spring slant of stripes: red and white swiped across navy-blue wool—a limber little knit without sleeves or collar; just one clean line to run right into summer. By Lorca. About $10. Dress, at Bernath's. The coiffure by David Crespin.

Colour gets off the ground

News for legs and feet,
details from pages 102 to 109



Spool heels and ankle-crossed straps, pages 102, 103:

1. Patent leather buckled pumps with spool heel. By Charles Jourdan; $40. At Bloomingdale's; Shillito's. With pump in shiny marron: pink nylon and metallic stockings by Van Raalte. At Bloomingdale's; Famous-Barr. For the same pump in silver: gleaming silver nylon and metallic stockings by Ariadne. At Lord & Taylor; Jordan Marsh, Florida: Marshall Field.

2. Open-backed, silver sandal with ankle-crossed straps by Albanese for Martinique; $35. Altman's; Famous-Barr. Silvered panty stockings by Bewitching. Of Du Pont nylon and Lurex: Lord & Taylor. . . .



Instep-out boots and the perfect pump, pages 104-105:

1. Mid-calf boots with cutaway insteps. By Nina of Fleming-Joffe patent leather; $25. At Altman's; Sakowitz. Wide-and-narrow ribbed nylon panty stocking by Hudson. At Bergdorf Goodman; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Wanamaker's, Phila.

2. U-toed pump in dark reddish-brown llama with sculptured stacked leather heel. By Silvia of Fiorentina, about $40 at Fiorentina; Sakowitz. Shown once with a purple stretch nylon stocking (Finesse by Stevens). At Bergdorf Goodman. . . . Second time around with white stretch nylon stockings by Van Raalte. At Bloomingdale's.



Buckles big and small, pages 106-107:

1. Mini-buckled pump in brown patent leather, in white calf. At I. Miller. $36. Sable brown stockings, of thin ribbed Du Pont nylon, for Givenchy by Chadbourn Gotham, at Arnold Constable. White nylon stockings by Hanes, at Altman's.

2. Stacked-heel pump with drawer-pull brass buckles, by Julianelli; $36. Lord & Taylor; Woodward and Lothrop; Halle Bros. . . . With the pump in reddish-brown alligator-printed leather: matching Belle-Sharmeer tights. Lord & Taylor. . . . Same pump in white Corfam, with thin ribbed white stockings. These by Phoenix, at Altman's. . . . Pump in orange patent leather (Allied Kid), plus tangerine stockings by Roman Stripe. Best & Co. . . . Acid-green patent leather (Allied Kid) pump; celery colour Caprolan nylon stockings (Finesse by Stevens).



Flat-out loafers and ankle-bone boots, pages 108-109:

1. Golo metal-studded loafers of patent leather in red and in white. $17 . . . shown with Bonnie Doon knee socks of Durene cotton and Tycora nylon. All at Henri Bendel.

2. Laced ankle-boots of soft brushed leather with heavy stitched soles, stacked heels. By Golo. $16. Henri Bendel. Printed nylon tights from Capezio.



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Italy: Airlift to Capri

By Despina Messinesi

Quisisana e Grand, Capri's central and handsomely built hotel, is cool, stately, luxe, but not overpowering. Rooms have pretty tiled floors. Maids there like being asked to do guests' sewing jobs, arrange even such matters as repairing broken luggage. Telephone operators deal admirably with complicated international calls. New in the hotel's flowered garden, a pool with a splendid view over rooftops, the cupola of the fourteenth-century Certosa di San Giacomo, and the sea to the south.

Evenings, most of the island's attractive visitors make a habit of stopping in at the hotel's bar terrace overlooking "main street." *Note:* Men planning to dine in the hotel's restaurant should be equipped with jackets.

As the only cars allowed in Capri beyond the first *piazzetta* are for invalids and the aged, guests walk about five minutes from the taxi or the bus stop—an amusing walk through the narrow shopping-street past the *piazza* packed with café-sitters. The hotel porters meet guests at the dock and take care of the luggage. Outside the Quisisana entrance stand Michelangelo and Raffaello—the only two donkeys for hire on the island.

Capri is well supplied with restaurants, mostly small, modest, agreeable. Delicious fish. Faraglioni, a pretty place with pink trim and mauve wisteria, is near the Quisisana. Taverna, where many of the young smart crowd go, has a young singer and a fire for chilly evenings. Gemma is in an ancient tunnelled and arched street, with an open sea view. Number Two is a gay, sexy night-club in a cellar.

Shopping is easy, good, and all within a small area—one visitor sized it up as a nutshell. Oriana, a shop run by an Englishwoman married to an Italian schoolteacher, turns out nifty pants and shirts. Campanina designs fascinating jewellery, especially in coral. Opposite the Quisisana, Canfora makes and designs some of the best shoes and sandals in Italy. Men and women order not only island styles but shoes for the mainland. *Note:* A must for Capri life—flat sandals. Here, there is no choice but to walk.

Capri's second town, Anacapri, hardly more than a sleepy village, is a short fifteen-minute drive uphill. The road runs past San Michele to Anacapri, a secluded plateau, the only really flat spot on the island. From here, a ski chair lifts visitors—their feet dangling above flowered cliffs—to Monte Solaro where everything is lonely, untamed, and the view is dazzling.

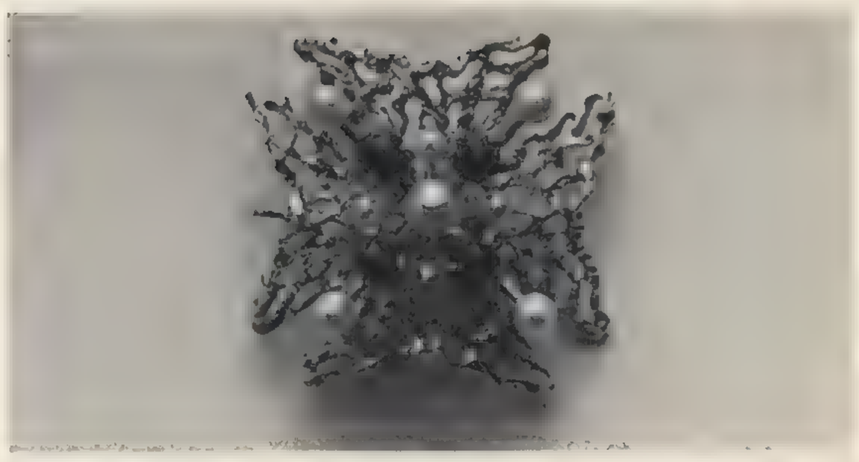
Inevitable on Capri is the trip to the Blue Grotto by boat, with the pat repertoire of the guides, their voices carrying to the villas above, with their magnificent hanging gardens.

Airlift to Capri. Certainly the quickest and probably the most spectacular way to arrive in Capri is by air. Helicopters taking off from Naples airport hover above the Bay of Naples; land—twelve minutes later—at the Anacapri heliport.

For travellers jetting from New York, Alitalia's schedule fits in well with this arrangement. Alitalia's overnight flight from New York arrives in Rome at eight the next morning. After customs, with time perhaps for an espresso, passengers catch the nine-fifteen Alitalia jet to Naples, then board the helicopter which touches down at Anacapri at eleven.

Roundtrip helicopter fare, Naples to Capri, $14.40. No charge, Rome to Naples, for those passengers flying Alitalia from New York to Italy. That's on the house, along with the delicious Italian light wines and perhaps prosciutto and melon or caviar, almost as good as eating in some shaded trattoria. On clear shining days, the staggeringly beautiful views of the Alps—sugar-white against a blue canvas of sky.

Vogue's SHOP



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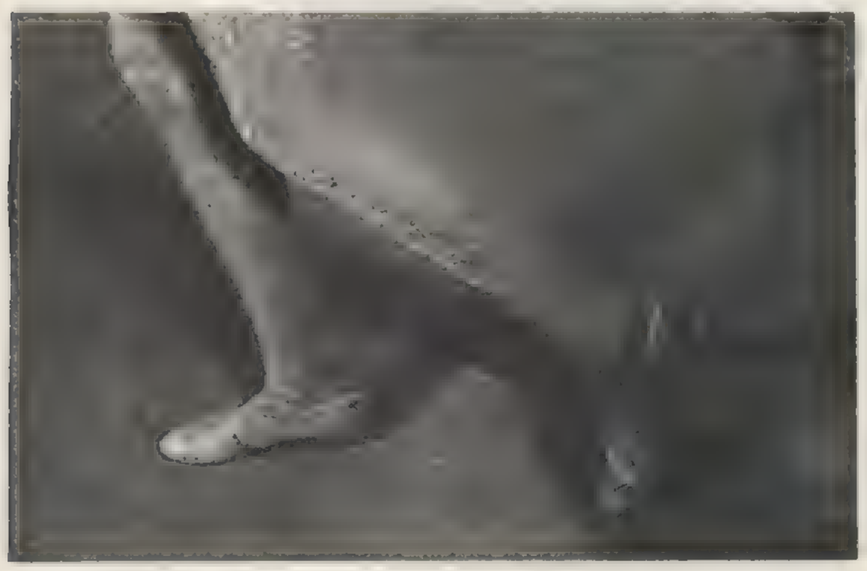
New brew for the old jug: Instead of hot water or hot milk—cold Martinis, in a silver-plated copy of an old Guernsey tea jug. 1½ qt. size. $25.75. Plummer McCutcheon, 3 E. 57th St., N. Y. 10022.



Going to blazers—seven buttons, three big, four small in Florentine-finish 14-karat gold with polished bezels. The set, $49.95. From Hobi Inc., 37-19G Lawrence Street, Flushing, New York 11352.

HOUND

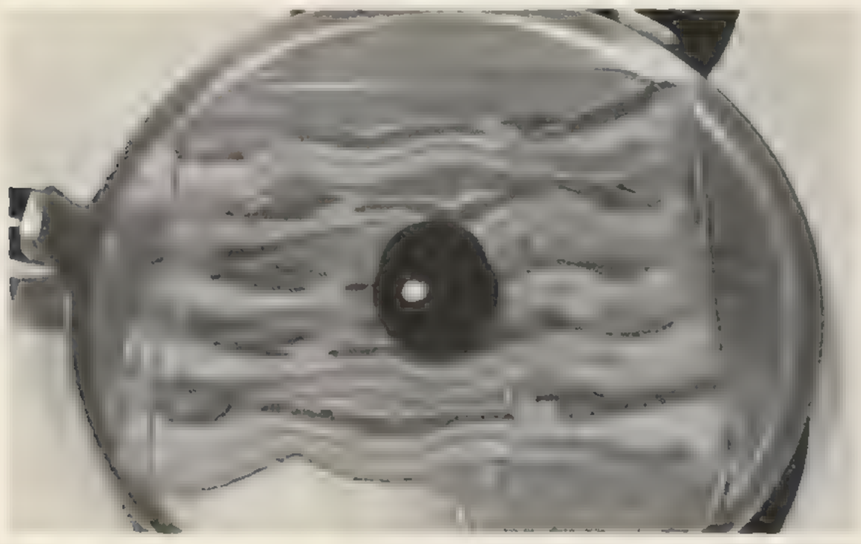
Gilded cage, below—sling-strap slippers of delicate gilt mesh with little stacked heels. 4½-10; slim, narrow, medium. $16. Also, silver or white. By Nina. Fashion Spot, 411 E. 57th St., N. Y. 10022.



Hang up for bedspreads—or for hair ribbons, as shown—a lightweight velvet-covered rod suspended on golden cord with brass-plated hanger. 22″ wide. $4.95. Elizabeth McCaffrey, Northport, N. Y. 11768.



Flat and crisp and even bacon with this tempered glass cover that prevents bacon from curling. Also for grilling sandwiches, hamburgers, tortillas. 8″ round, 9″ square. $3.95; plus 60c postage. Windfall, 158 Adams St., Bedford Hills, N. Y. 10570.



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About Camps

Directors of the camps listed in this issue will be glad to send you their literature. If you would like to consider additional camps, please fill in the coupon below and mail to Vogue's Camp Bureau, 420 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 10017.

Name of parent_____

Address_____

Son_____ Daughter_____ Age_____

Type of summer program preferred_____

Location_____ Approximate fee_____

Special interests_____

2-15-67

Vogue's Camp Bureau
420 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10017

Vogue Patterns

(Continued from pages 92-93; other views, yardages, details)



1671



1676

Above left: Navy-and-white two-piece dress—pattern for a belted jacket included. Vogue Pattern 1671. Sizes 10 to 18. Size 14 blouse requires 1½ yards of 45″ fabric with or without nap; skirt, 1⅝ yards of same. $3. In Canada, $3.30.

Above right: One-piece dress, two-piece look—includes pattern for a double-breasted jacket. Vogue Pattern 1676. Sizes 10-18. Size 14 bodice requires 1⅛ yds. of 45″ fabric with or without nap; skirt, 1⅝ yds. of same. $2.50. Canada, $2.75.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL FROM VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, P. O. BOX 549, ALTOONA, PA. AND IN CANADA, AT P. O. BOX 4092, TERMINAL A, TORONTO 1, ONT. FOR FIRST CLASS MAIL, PLEASE ADD 10C FOR EACH PATTERN ORDERED. NOTE: CALIFORNIA AND PENNSYLVANIA RESIDENTS ADD SALES TAX.

Vanessa Redgrave

(Continued from page 147)

After four, the warm California sun was less benevolent. Lords and ladies and falcons were dismissed; Josh Logan sent for his overcoat and muffler, turned up the collar. The temperature dropped perilously; the crowds on the set thinned; and Vanessa, still in her lawn dress, sat on the ground while the cameramen shot endless close-ups.

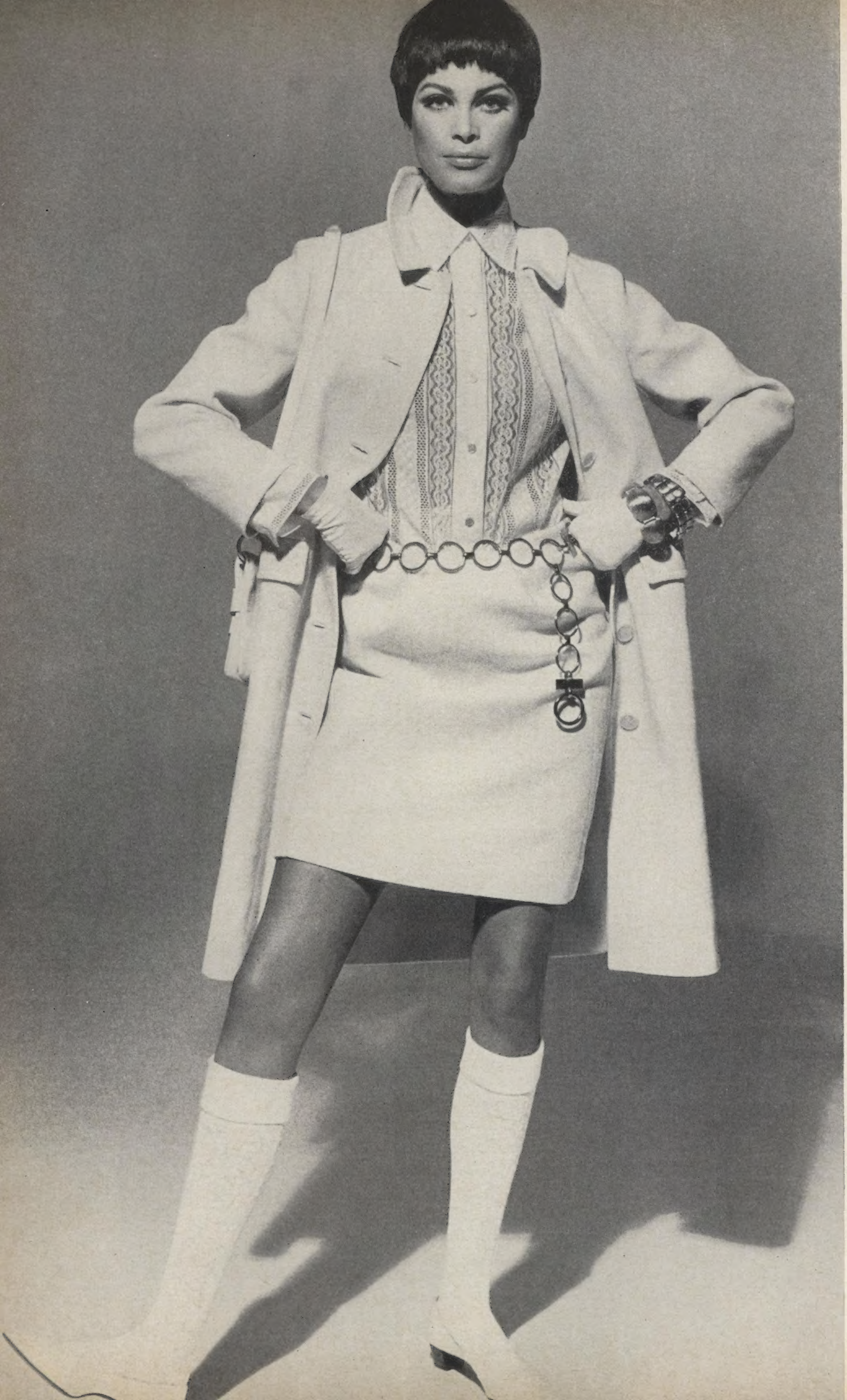
During a pause while a Baby Jr. light was brought, Logan said cosily, "I had to coax her a bit this morning. She was afraid of that song because she didn't want it to be cute. Of course, it's only cute if you make it that way, and she knows how not to make it cute . . . she doesn't do trite things. . . . She has a very powerful brain and she's in command of it."

Later, with obvious pleasure in talking about his star, he explained that before *Morgan,* "everybody knew she was a lovely actress, but no one knew she would photograph that way . . . and she never was torrid before."

David Hemmings, who played the photographer in *Blow-Up,* plays Mordred in *Camelot,* has a conversational style based on the headlong fling: "I adore her! She's so totally *not* the representative of the modern Englishwoman. And yet she *is.*" Puzzling, but not inaccurate; for all her open charm and loving and giving ways, her really overwhelming beauty, and all the hugs and kisses of show business, she has a deep untouchable reticence with a quite maddening fascination.

Quite right for the "warmed-up" Guenevere Lerner and Logan planned for the movie—reportedly a much revamped *Camelot* in which Guenevere is "highly desirable, romantic, delicate, and queenly, with plenty of high spirits." . . . "Alan Lerner," said Logan, "thinks this play is about 'how sometimes your passions spoil your dreams'—and Vanessa has made it possible to say things like that."

—ROSEMARY BLACKMON



The long and short of white for spring

In shades of white: three proportions, one nifty new way to look this spring—ivory wool-tweed coat to the top of the knee, over a short short matching skirt, plus bright white knee socks, flat white shoe-boots. To add—like icing to a cake—a crisp white shirt, starchy with lace ruffles, and golden links at the waist. . . . Narrow single-breasted coat (about $45) and A-line skirt (about $15), by Pendleton. At Wallachs; Stone & Thomas, Wheeling, West Virginia. Shirt by Gregory of Dacron and cotton. $16 at Bonwit Teller.
Link belt by Saint Laurent for Colony. Cadoro golden cuff bracelet. All, at Lord & Taylor. Gilt square bracelet by Vendôme.
Knee socks by Roman Stripe.
Shoes by Roger Vivier to order at Saks Fifth Avenue. Coiffure: Kenneth.

BERT STERN

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To repeat once again, the goals of this program are simple. They are, in essence:

1. To give you the look of a youngster in both face and body, far past sixty . . .

2. To keep you in top condition — to give you the drive and grace and figure of a trained ballerina beyond your seventies . . . and

3. To give you every possible chance of *continuing* in this vibrant good health till ninety, and more.

The methods this program uses to achieve these goals are equally simple — and, again, surprisingly gentle. They are:

1. A series of one-or-two minute-a-day exercises, for your *face* — designed to combat premature wrinkles and restore the smooth, sharp outlines of youth.

2. A direct attack on the *stored-up emotional poisons* in your body that eat away strength and youth like internal acid. This attack on these poisons consists of a series of exhilarating new exercises which take as little as three minutes a day — *half of which time you spend resting.*

3. A new way to lose weight — not a diet — designed to change your present suicidal eating habits in 24 to 48 hours. And to break at last the vicious *fat-multiplying cycle* inside your body, that causes you to put on more weight, from less food, than your thin friends. And

4. A series of surprising, and sometimes actually startling, solutions to your most serious everyday health problems — including fatigue, hypertension, indigestion, high blood pressure, and much, much more.

This, then, is the look-younger, feel-better, live longer program that you can prove to yourself — beyond doubt — without risking a penny. Now let us look at its medical background, and the specific day-by-day benefits it is designed to give you:

Written by One of America's Foremost Physicians, It Opens Up Whole New Worlds of Prolonged Youth, Health and Beauty — Past 90 — that You May Have Never Dreamed Existed Before.

The fascinating new volume which gives you these benefits is titled: *How to Stay Young All Your Life.* It is the result of fifteen years of meticulous research, and three additional years of intensive writing and re-writing. It is so completely up-to-date that some of the principles revealed in it were not discovered until a few short months ago.

Its author is Clement G. Martin, M.D., F.A.G.S., F.A.C.N. As you may know, Dr. Martin is former medical director of two of the largest insurance companies in the United States, where he specialized in geriatric research — the science of prolonging youth, strength, health and life — far beyond their present limits.

Over eight years ago, in conjunction with his state medical society, Dr. Martin published a pamphlet based on this research. The response was so overwhelming that he then expanded this information into a book — called *How to Live to be 100* — which immediately soared to the top of the best-seller lists, and sold over 100,000 hard-cover copies in the first two years alone.

But now medical science has gone beyond mere longevity alone! Now it is possible — not only to add up to twenty or thirty or forty more healthy years to your life . . . not only to help you ward off the disease of middle and old age that cripple your friends . . . but, in case after case, to actually *restore* the appearance and energy and bursting vitality and strength of youth itself to your body — *and maintain that youthful drive and appearance far past your seventies and eighties!*

All the Myths About "Old Age" — Shattered at Last.

This new book, therefore, begins immediately with *case histories* that prove this fact beyond doubt. In the first few pages alone, you are introduced to:

The American "town without heart disease." Where the inhabitants eat too much, enjoy food that's "rich" in every sense of the term, are overweight, party around, stay up late — *but simply don't have heart attacks.* (The reason why will astound you.)

The 101-year-old roué, who still eats mountains of spaghetti, washes it down with wine, and loves his sweets.

The amazing French beauty who first invented exercises to preserve the look of youthfulness in the human face. Men worshipped her at eighty. Her figure and her face were as dazzling at 79 as they were at 19. She died, still outwardly in the bloom of youth, past 90.

The American businessman who watched his body become prematurely old and finally collapse of ill health at the age of 50. Who decided to *rejuvenate himself* though he could hardly stand, through a scientific study of longevity. By the time he was 73 he had regained his youth — his face as smooth, his body as slim and hard as a youngster's. *Photographs in this book prove these statements beyond doubt — see them yourself!*

The Russian report on a man who lived to be 161, and fathered his last child at 104.

And much, much more. Probably the most fascinating reading of your entire life. But it's only *the prologue* to the real meat of this revolutionary new book. For now the life-saving, health-giving, youth-restoring principles learned in this world-wide medical research are put to work — instantly — *for you.* To give you results, *literally overnight,* that will have your friends begging you to tell them the secret!

For example:

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First, you start to peel off *years from your appearance:*

On page 35, you learn the one-second prescription that automatically causes you to stand more erect (no, you *don't* have to pull in your stomach, but the results are startling nevertheless).

On page 124, you're given *six-second facial exercises* . . . wrinkle exercises . . . bags-under-the-eye and age-line exercises . . . that Dr. Martin recommends for every man, as well as woman, who wants people to gasp in astonishment when you tell them your real age.

On page 144, you're shown how the *way* you eat may contribute as much or more to your overweight problems as the actual *foods* you eat. And then on page 150, you're given the medically proven, *fastest-possible way* to lose excess pounds. Again, this is *not* a diet at all. And the greater your excess weight, the *faster* this method works.

But this is just the beginning. Now you go on to tap vast new stores of *strength, endurance and energy,* like this:

On page 35, you're shown the scientific secret (time to learn: 10 seconds; time to perform: 3 seconds) that guarantees you will *sit* properly — and therefore cut your desk fatigue in half.

On page 42, you're shown how to "relax yourself ahead." Develop the grace under pressure that marks the champion athlete. Outstrip less well-informed women who tear themselves to pieces in the mistaken belief that they can achieve their goals through pressure, anxiety and tension. Keep going at full speed when they're wilting around you like dead flowers.

On page 58, you're shown how you can cleanse *your internal organs* (your heart, lungs and blood stream) of tension and fatigue in as little as three minutes a day. Try this tomorrow night when you're bone-weary from the day's work — when you're wound up tight as a drum — and see for yourself how it pumps so much new energy back into your system that you can out-dance your teenage daughter till 2 A.M.

Yes, and on page 118, you learn how Dr. Martin recommends as little as *only* 1½ *minutes* of basic exercise every day. *Is this too much to ask from you to obtain new protection from heart attacks, new youthfulness, new vitality every single day of your life!*



CLEMENT G. MARTIN, M.D.

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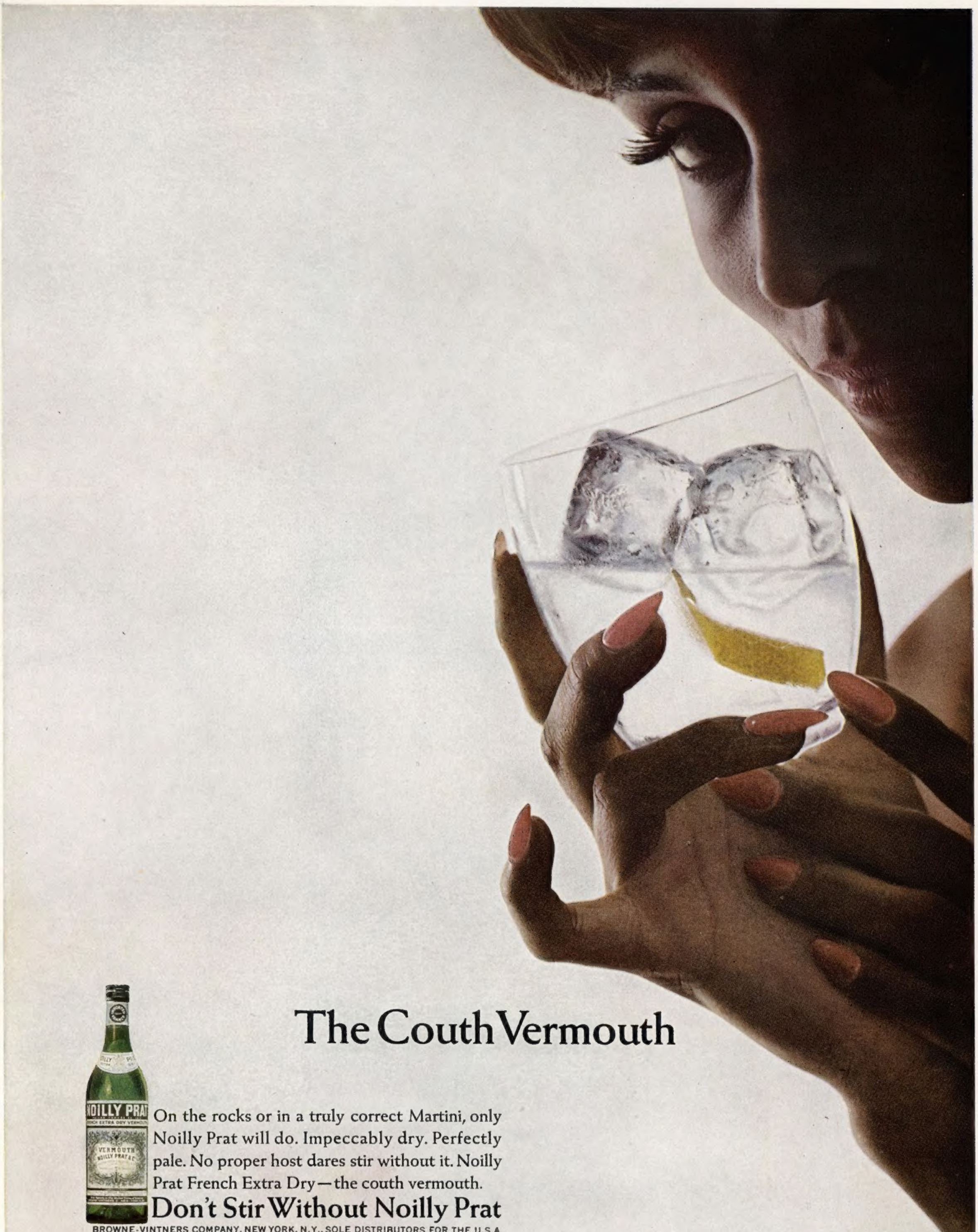
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